

# MACLEAN'S

MAY 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

**They Fight Russia From Within**  
*by McKenzie Porter*

**We Live in the World's Most Famous House**

**Our Passport through Europe was a Dishrag**



# This 1/2-ton pickup

***will never let you down!***



**Model L-110**, 115 inch wheelbase, 6 1/2 foot International pickup body, 4,200 lbs. GVW. Pickups in the L-120 and L-130 Series offer 127 and 134 inch wheelbases, 8 and 9 foot bodies, GVW's to 8,600 lbs. Comfo-Vision Cab, "roomiest on the road," Silver Diamond valve-in-head engine—standard on all three models.

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**The new Silver Diamond** valve-in-head truck engine is built to handle a steady diet of heavy work. It has a beautiful balance of pep and power. It is designed throughout to cut engine operating and maintenance costs.

**The Comfo-Vision Cab**, "the roomiest on the road," has deep-cushioned seats for firm support. "Sweep-sight" windshield gives full view of the road. Longer, stronger springs cushion you. Super-steering gives you more positive control from a more comfortable position.

**Features that pay off on performance** start with International's choice of three, life-stretching, fuel-saving transmissions.

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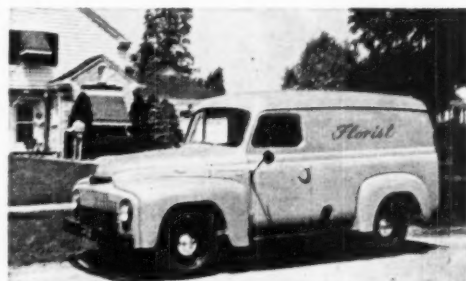
**Only your International Dealer** or Branch can give you the full story, because that's the only place you can get the truck with the features to back up that story. Remember this: What you pay isn't half as important as what you get. And you get a pickup that will *never* let you down when you get an International pickup truck.

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International Harvester Company of Canada Limited  
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**Internationals with Metro bodies** for multi-stop deliveries offer super-specialization to fit your business, keep costs down. Available in 7'4", 9'2", 10'2" and 12 foot body sizes, body capacities from 235 to 375 cubic feet, GVW's from 5,400 to 11,000 lbs.



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## INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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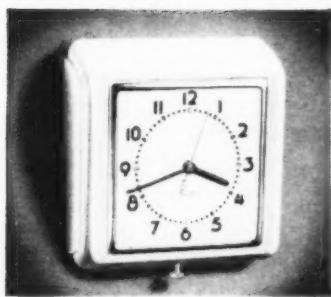


## Melody

Electric Wall Clock is gracefully designed, adaptable to any room, any colour scheme. Mounts flush against the wall. Surplus cord is neatly concealed. Its removable case ring comes in a variety of colours. To change colours, simply flip it out and flop it over. Or you may paint the rim to suit yourself.

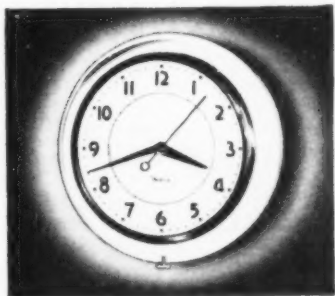


It's AMAZING how a Westclox will "grow" on you! More than just a timekeeper, a Westclox wall clock is a friendly face, a faithful servant, a constant companion through all the hours of all your busy days. It starts out merely as equipment for your home . . . and soon becomes practically a member of the family. See for yourself. Soon.



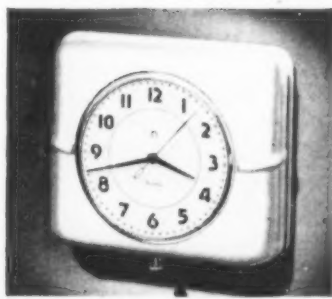
## Dunbar

Electric Wall Clock has a plastic case that gracefully tilts the dial forward for easier reading. There are four attractive colours to choose from—white, ivory, red, green.



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Electric Wall Clock is neat and handsome. Easy-to-read dial, and its metal case is so easy to keep clean! And you have four colour choices — ivory, white, red and yellow.



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Electric Clocks

Made by the makers of BIG BEN\*

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## EDITORIAL

# PARLIAMENT'S NOT EQUIPPED TO BE A DIVORCE COURT

A MONTH or so ago the House of Commons adjourned an important debate on foreign affairs, waived a discussion of public estimates involving more than a hundred million dollars, and pondered the weighty allegation that a certain private citizen had taken to running around with a blonde.

Canada's remarkable divorce machinery compels both the Commons and the Senate to make this remarkable glissando at least once a year. There are no divorce courts in either Quebec or Newfoundland and a citizen of either province who has so overwhelming a grievance against his or her mate that divorce appears as the only solution must petition for freedom by act of parliament. In practice, a committee of the Senate hears the evidence and its recommendations are rubber-stamped by both Houses.

This year the CCF group in the Commons reduced the whole procedure to absurdity by pretending to take its duties seriously. Instead of helping to railroad the three hundred Senate-approved divorces through in the customary blocks of ten, the CCF demanded to know who was divorcing whom and why. The question was as proper to ask as it was impossible to answer. No good member of parliament will consistently and willingly cast a vote on matters on which he has made no attempt to inform himself; no member of parliament, good or bad, can possibly sit as a judge on an average of one civil-law

case a day and still attend to his other duties.

No amount of argument about Canada's divorce laws, which a person of moderate persuasive powers can prove are the best or the worst in the world, will alter the fact that they are laws. No amount of argument can alter the fact that parliament is the place to make laws but the place to administer laws is in the courts. Parliament was no more created to conduct divorce hearings than it was created to try shoplifters. Anyone who is compelled to seek a hearing, either civil or criminal, in parliament is entitled to the full and attentive hearing of parliament as a whole. But for all, or even a respectable percentage of, the three hundred and sixty-four members of the Commons and the Senate to listen to all, or even a respectable percentage of, the evidence bearing on the divorce cases on which parliament votes each year would mean the utter paralysis of parliament.

The CCF's proposal that parliamentary divorce hearings be transferred to the Exchequer Court still leaves as much latitude as there now exists for the provinces to decide, each according to its own conscience, whether their own divorce laws need tightening or relaxing. But when divorce cases enter the federal jurisdiction it is both wasteful and illogical to submit them to a political body which hasn't the time, the inclination or the qualifications to consider them properly.

## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

BOTH members of one of the best-known husband-and-wife writing teams in Canada have stories in this issue. On page seven **June Callwood** begins an article on **Sidney Smith**, president of the University of Toronto, and on page sixteen her husband, **Trent Frayne**, sports writer for the Toronto Evening Telegram, tells the story of Canada's outstanding athlete, **Marlene Stewart**. **Clyde Gilmour**, who is a feature writer for the Vancouver Sun, and who re-

views movies for the CBC's *Critically Speaking* on Sunday afternoon, as well as conducting a regular film guide in this magazine, went to Chilliwack to get the story (on page fourteen) of **Osmond Borra-daile**, the cameraman who shot the much-acclaimed National Film Board documentary *Royal Journey*. **Joseph Schull**, whose short story, *For Three Nights Only*, appears on page eighteen, is a free-lance writer living near Montreal. One of his plays, *Shadow of the Tree*,

won the London Little Theatre award of \$1,000 last November. On page twenty **McKenzie Porter**, a staff writer, tells a story he went on to Germany to get while he was in the United Kingdom covering a clutch of assignments for us. **Robert Thomas Allen** has again had a story, *Women Have No Sense of Humor* (Maclean's June 1, 1951), selected by **Louis Untermeyer**, the well-known poet and anthologist, for the next *Best Humor Annual*. *Never Bet With Your Wife* (page twenty-four) is Allen's latest Maclean's piece.

## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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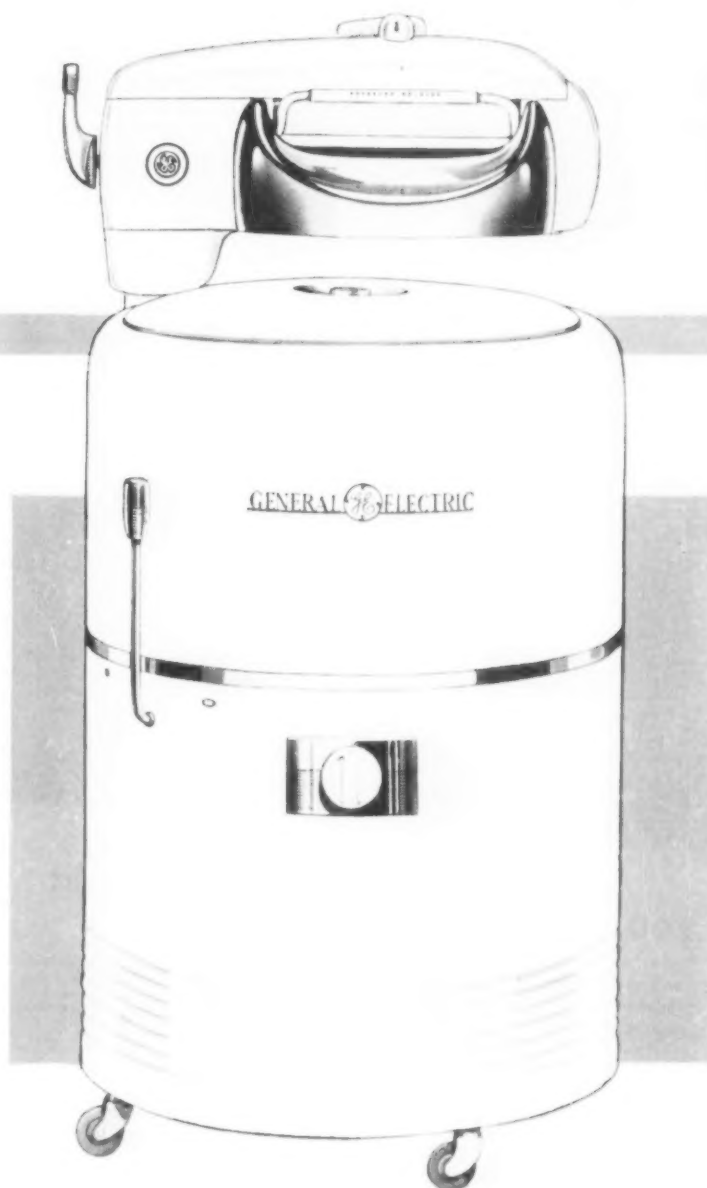
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, MAY 1, 1952



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## If you want the truth, go to a child

JEPSON had a spectacular record as a salesman. They used to call him "Mow-'em-down" Jepson. And the bigger they were, the harder they fell.

Lately, though, Jepson felt himself slipping. He couldn't seem to get in to see the big fellows; and the little ones got rid of him as quickly as they could. He was discouraged and mystified. Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

### How About You?

How's your breath today? Never take it for granted. Never risk offending others, needlessly. Halitosis (unpleasant breath)\* is the fault, unpardonable. It may be absent one day and present the

next... without your realizing it.

So play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when you want to be at your best.

### Be Extra Careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against offending because it stops bad breath for hours.

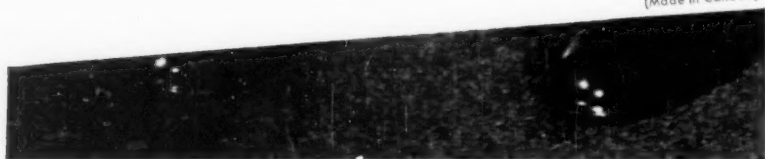
Yes, actual clinical tests showed that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained sweet for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse.

\*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company (Canada) Ltd.

Before every date... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

... Stops Bad Breath for Hours

(Made in Canada)



With one speech Butler challenges Eden, the Tories' "crown prince."

## RAB BUTLER'S BID FOR POWER

THE British House of Commons is like a theatre where the drama of events and personalities is played under the fierce arc light of history. It is also like the stock exchange where human values are always changing. Perhaps it is even more like a boxing contest where one blow may determine the result. No wonder there is an endless queue of people by day and night waiting to get into the public gallery.

Life in the British parliament is boring and fascinating, dull and brilliant, trivial and dynamic. It gratifies human vanity and crushes it. You may speak for half an hour and empty the House or you may interject a pungent phrase and steal the headlines. "The House of Commons," said a cynic, "consists of six hundred and twenty-five megalomaniacs of all shapes and sizes." A more thoughtful observer said, "It is Heartbreak House."

Power is to men what beauty is to women. When Churchill came to the House after winning the election last October he looked ten years younger. The nation was on the verge of bankruptcy. Korea, Persia, Egypt and Malaya were in eruption, the crippling cost of rearmament was shattering the British economy, the sinister shadow of imperialistic Russian Communism was deep on the Western world. And Churchill's face beamed like a full moon because the burden would be on his shoulders.

"Give me beauty," is the secret cry in nearly every woman's heart. "Give me power," is the open cry in the heart of every man of destiny. Probably it is good for humanity that this phenomenon exists. Beauty is essential if we are to have poetry in our daily lives; and power is essential in politics if mankind is to be led out of the valley of despair.

I apologize for these musings but they are essential to my theme which is the drama of personalities being played now at Westminster, a drama which makes the ordinary theatre a drab thing by comparison. And

after all what has the theatre to offer against such stars as Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden and Rab Butler? My story is of these men and before the story is ended I hope you will agree with me that the tale is not lacking either in interest or significance.

When Churchill led us into the last election there were many Tories who recognized his greatness but regarded him as a doubtful electoral asset. We said to each other that the cry of "Warmonger!"—ungrateful and unjustified as it was—would cost us votes, and it did. We also contended that if Eden led us instead of Churchill the maternal instincts of the women voters would be mobilized in our favor, which was probably true. There was another argument which had logic to support it: that a man in his seventy-eighth year could not carry the strain of office in a period of domestic and world upheaval. Logically we were right. Two and two make four. No one has ever denied that, except an Irish wit who asked, "What do two lemons and two moons make? Four what?"

At any rate under Churchill's leadership we scraped home with a majority of such slender proportions that the Conservative MP is simply turned into lobby fodder. We are on duty by day and by night, except for a couple of hours now and then when we are allowed out on parole. I can assure you that under these conditions the first requisite of an MP is good health.

When the new Parliament began its stormy career the wise men said that Churchill would only hold office for a short time and then hand over to Eden. In fact these prophets were certain that an arrangement to that effect had been entered into by the two men. After all, Churchill only wanted to fill that gap in his life story of never having been elected prime minister by the British people. You will remember that in 1940 he succeeded Chamberlain without an election, and

Continued on page 28

## BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

### The PCs Get Spring Fever

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

**P**ROGRESSIVE Conservatives are cockier this spring than they've been since the roof fell in on them in 1949. Realists among them don't really expect to win the 1953 election (after all, the Gallup Poll still gives the Liberals forty-six percent of the popular vote, the PCs only forty-three percent). But they do hope for a large enough gain next year to make victory a real possibility the next time.

Unlike some previous upsurges of Conservative morale this one seems to come from the bottom. At the annual meeting of the PC Association here a month ago party chieftains were amazed and mildly embarrassed by having just twice as many delegates as they'd expected. The last meeting was attended by three hundred and ninety "old faithfuls." This one had nearly eight hundred and the resultant scramble for hotel rooms was something to see. At one luncheon the Chateau Laurier was told to have food for a maximum of three hundred women, and five hundred and forty turned up.

Still more encouraging was the fact that the twice as many delegates brought in about half as many resolutions. When a party is down in the dumps everybody has a radical prescription for its cure: sometimes there are as many suggested platforms as there are delegates. When the party's healthy its workers lose interest in policy and talk about organization.

This year's meeting spent almost all its time on organization. Delegates crowded in to hear financial critic J. M. Macdonnell explain, not the principles of Conservative fiscal policy, but the virtues of door-bell

pushing: "No more meetings for me," he told them, "it's the personal canvass that works." Gordon Graydon didn't mention foreign affairs, but explained how he managed to call on seven thousand Peel County electors in his first campaign.

Policy wasn't ignored, but it was handled with realistic firmness—no hobby horses allowed. PCs have learned this the hard way. At the national convention in 1948 most of one afternoon was taken up by the handful of western Conservatives who support the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. They held the microphone for several hours running, talking not only to fellow delegates but to the whole national audience of the CBC. Ever since, Progressive Conservative workers have found prairie voters convinced that the party stands behind the hated grain exchange. It's done them more harm in the west than anything else, they say—and hardly anyone will believe it isn't true. Farmers heard it with their own ears.

This time no such minority will be able to identify itself with the party, or vice versa. The association's policy committee will work with a committee of the parliamentary caucus, and no policy will be proclaimed which elected MPs aren't willing to support.

Meanwhile, resolutions which canceled each other out were allowed to remain canceled. For example, several western associations had sent in stinging attacks on the appointment of a Canadian governor-general and the dropping of the word "Dominion." Quebec associations had urged the Progressive Conservative Association

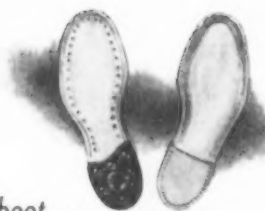
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Cartoon by Grassick

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The popular Valentine dress shoe...



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**Sturdiness**

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The enduring quality that comes from Valentine's long experience in making workshoes that must answer to the most severe use...

The honest value that builds this long-wear sturdiness into superbly-crafted dress shoes of smartly correct styling.

Yes, you'll get more for your money... pay nothing for the name... when you step into your Valentine dealers and step out in Valentine shoes.

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# VALENTINE

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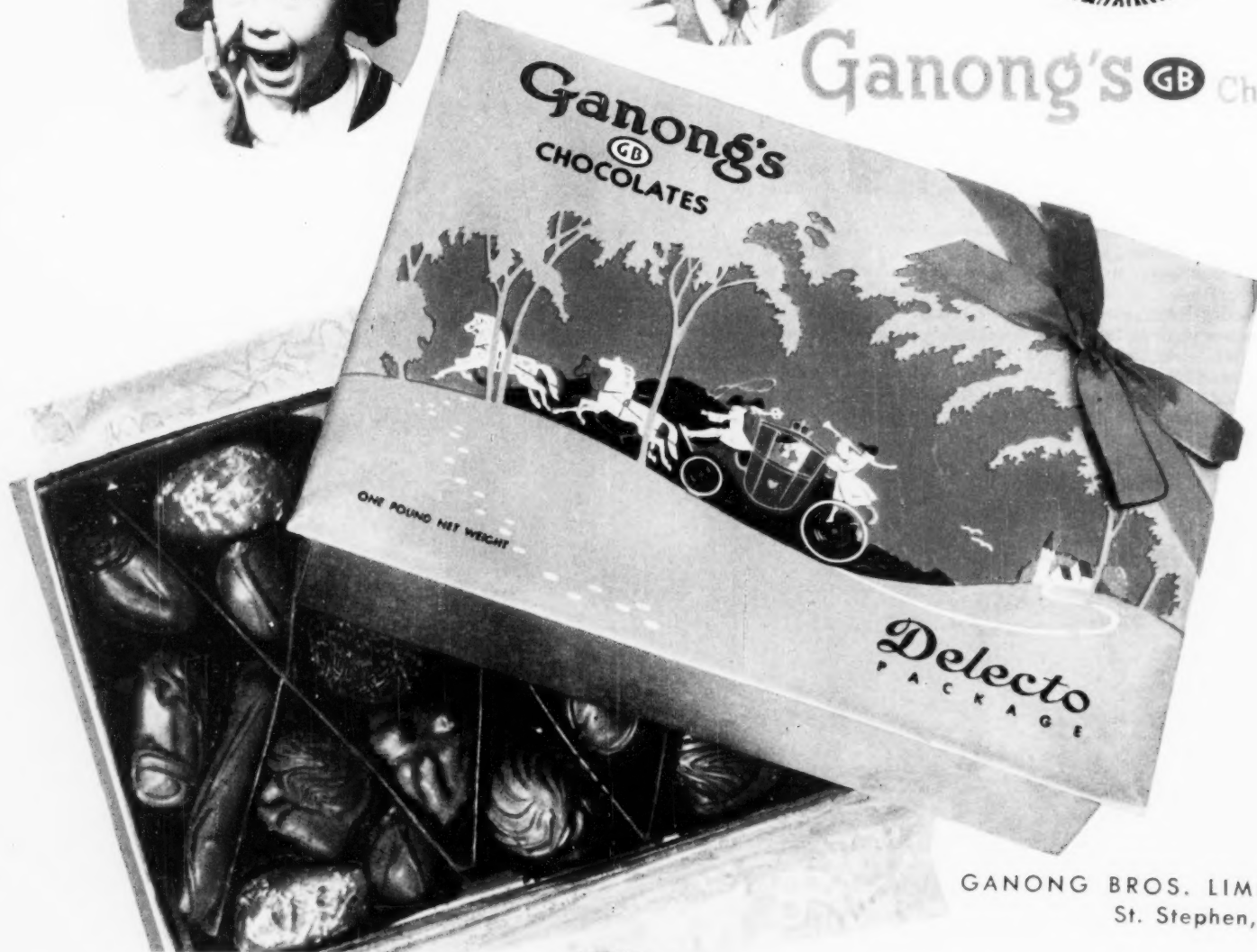
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*"The Finest in the Land!"*



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**MACLEAN'S**

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# BIGGEST MAN ON THE BIGGEST CAMPUS

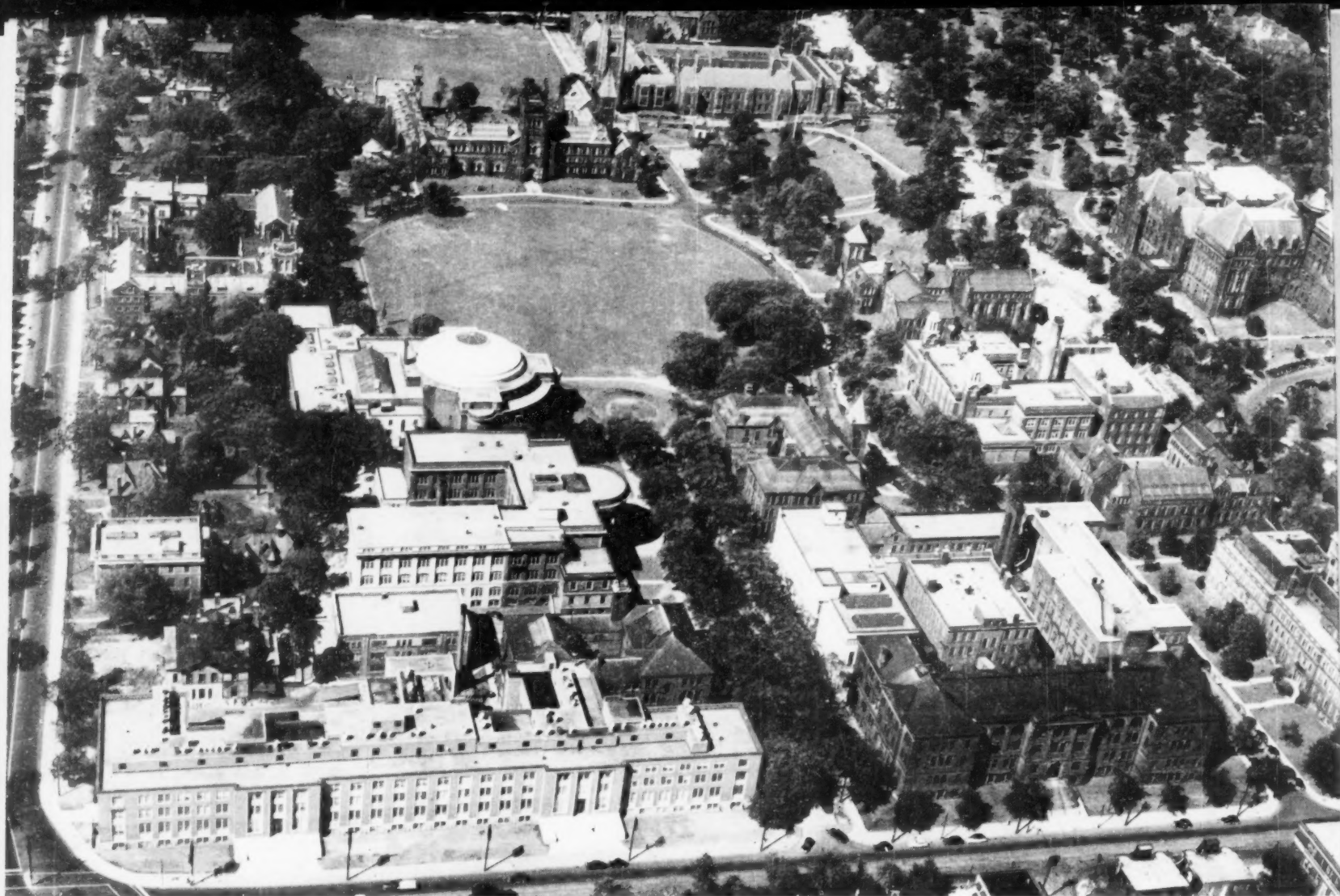
Few of the thirty-seven hundred students whom Dr. Sidney Smith sends out to face the world this spring will be able to match the shrewd wizardry of this ex-farm boy who manages, to keep his opinions controversial, his manner folksy and our largest university solvent

By JUNE CALLWOOD

Photos by Desmond Russell

Story Starts Next Page ▶▶▶





Sprawling over downtown Toronto and bursting at the seams is Canada's largest university, the vast empire ruled by Sidney Earle Smith.

AS PRESIDENT of the largest university in Canada, University of Toronto Sidney Earle Smith, Q.C., B.A., M.A., LL.B., LL.D., D.C.L., once a farm boy in the Maritimes, rules twenty-two thousand students and a staff of more than three thousand, controls an annual budget of fifteen million dollars and directs in varying degrees the Ontario College of Pharmacy, Ontario Agricultural College and Ontario Veterinary College, both at Guelph, Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto, Ontario College of Education, Connaught Medical Research Laboratories, Royal Ontario Museum, University of Toronto Schools, David Dunlap Observatory, Varsity Stadium, Institute of Aerophysics, an estate in Bayview, Varsity Arena, a botanical camp in Timagami, University of Toronto Press and a camp at Canoe Lake in northern Ontario. This spring, in addition to his other duties, he will manage to find time to preside over the solemn pageantry that marks the granting of diplomas and degrees to thirty-seven hundred of his scattered students.

Dr. Smith, a good-natured, outspoken tycoon of education, is also the country's best known university president. He not only wades into controversies with a delighted vigor, he sometimes creates them himself. It was he who suggested that all high-school graduates ought to spend a year at some sort of compulsory national (not military) training. It was he who charged that university freshmen are absolute boobs at writing their own language. It was he who urged that teachers make confidential reports on those high-school graduates who passed their examinations by cramming.

Smith's more forceful statements usually result in a public uproar but he is used to that. A lawyer by training he came into national prominence ten years ago when he was a strong favorite to lead the Progressive Conservative Party.

In addition to the complexities of directing the

sixteen queerly assorted stepchildren of the university, Dr. Smith must also juggle a group of federated colleges—St. Michael's, Trinity, Victoria, University, Emmanuel, Wycliffe and Knox—a situation about as restful as having dynamite in a desk drawer. Each college is situated on the university campus, has historical rights to complete independence but uses the university's facilities freely. Each also has its own board of governors, staff of instructors, scale of fees and school yell.

Guiding this chaos through the administrative horror and financial red ink of a modern university requires a strong personality capable of great charm, the mind of an efficiency expert behind the rolling cadences of a scholar and a talent for parting wealthy men from large sums of money while maintaining unchallengeable dignity.

Smith rarely attempts to be dignified, though he can be solemn in his blue and silver robes during

convocations. He astounds his board of governors, most of whom are among the country's most successful financiers, with his grasp of sane budgeting; he encourages the idealists on his teaching staff with impassioned pleas for a greater emphasis on philosophy, languages and history as opposed to the gulping gains of engineering and other technical sciences; he plays the clown at student rallies, dancing a jig and kissing the football coach on the cheek. A colleague once observed dourly: "The trouble with Sid is he spreads himself too thin."

A tall and round-stomached fifty-five, Smith accords everyone he meets, from the precise Chancellor of the University, Governor-General Vincent Massey, on down to the man who empties the wastebaskets, with a benevolent beam of pure fellowship. In spite of his fourteen degrees (eleven of them honorary) his manner is folksy.

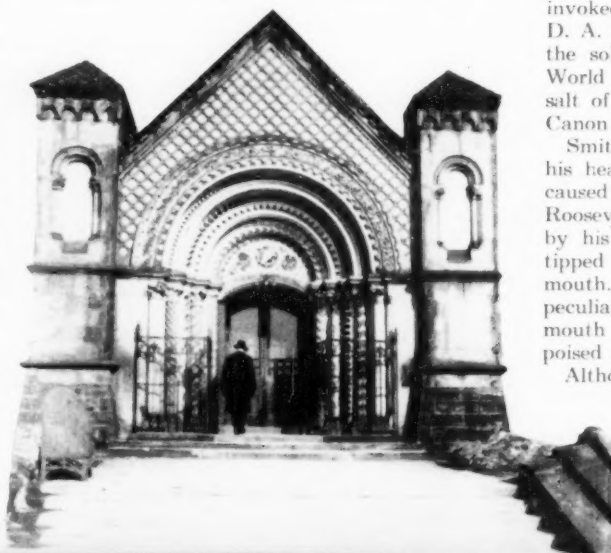
"Those westerners in Manitoba," he once recalled blissfully, "they're just so friendly. They're the salt of the earth. They've got the real pioneer spirit. God bless them, they're just so friendly."

In the course of one recent interview he also invoked divine blessing on the Junior League, Dean D. A. McRae, a former adviser, his late mother, the soldiers with whom he served in the First World War (whom he also characterized as "the salt of the earth") and his predecessor, the late Canon H. J. Cody.

Smith's unmitigated warmth of personality, plus his heavy jowls and corner-drooping eyes, have caused him to be compared to the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. The resemblance is further enhanced by his habit of smoking cigarettes in a holder tipped up from the corner of his broad smiling mouth. Smith is a heavy cigarette smoker with a peculiar style of taking the cigarette out of his mouth with an upward flourish and holding it poised above his grey pompadour.

Although his bluff, extroverted air sometimes

University College is only one of seven affiliates the president must juggle.





fools people into believing otherwise, Smith's qualifications as a teacher are fully as impressive as his qualifications as a diplomat and businessman. A boy wonder in school, he entered college when he was only fourteen and had his B.A. at eighteen. After his years of war service he went back to law school to lead his class for three years and then went on to become the country's youngest university president when at thirty-six he took over the faltering University of Manitoba.

It was his handling of the financial and academic mess at Manitoba that won him country-wide attention. When Sir William Mulock, who had been chancellor at Toronto for twenty years, died in 1944 the white-haired and revered President Cody decided to retire and was named chancellor. Cody himself suggested Smith as his successor as president and he was brought to Toronto to be principal of University College for a year in order to get his bearings. In 1945 he was installed as president.

The president's office saw a startling contrast. University of Toronto presidents for decades back had been clergymen, devout and thoughtful educators. Dr. Smith is a lawyer, equally devout, but representing the modern trend toward university presidents who are adept at high finance.

The university was facing the greatest test of its history. Its enrollment was nearly doubled by the government-subsidized veterans who filled the campus with their strained, serious faces. New buildings were urgently needed to serve these students—a sixteen-million-dollar building fund was raised—and the staff had to be enlarged. Smith plunged in with gusto and filled every top administrative post with young men in their thirties and forties, all of them almost fanatically fond of their boss. Nearly every dean and head of faculty was ready to retire so every important post on the teaching staff has had a turnover since Smith took office. The new machine hums with friendliness and co-ordination, but it is not without its detractors.

Chief among these are the men who teach what universities call the humanities—history, languages, philosophy and literature. These subjects are in a decline, brought about by the atomic age's fascination for physics and mechanics and Smith has been among the loudest in deploring the fact that universities are becoming more and more like technical schools, turning out "a nation of jobbers."

While he was lamenting, however, he was going ahead with a \$4,200,000 chemistry building and expensive extensions to the physics and mechanical engineering buildings. The sod hasn't been disturbed where the university has planned for years to build a library to replace its present one which was designed for a student body of four thousand. Also in the vague future is the arts building, which would be a boon to arts students some of whom must visit as many as thirteen different buildings scattered on the seventy-five-acre campus in order to attend lectures.

Smith's inability to advance the part of the university's building program which would assist the humanities is regarded with some bitterness. At one time there was even half-earnest talk of professors picketing the magnificent chemistry building. The president himself feels badly about the situation.

"I am sensitive, I'll confess it frankly, on the subject of the library," he observed without smiling. "When I take visitors around the campus I try to avoid taking them to the library if I can help it. As soon as we finish the school of nursing we'll have to get the library started."

Smith has made a dogged effort to keep in touch with the university's main product: students. He and his wife entertain about a thousand every year at Sunday-afternoon teas but he can't hope to meet the eleven thousand registered this year at the university proper. He attends football games when he can and was observed one Saturday afternoon stalking up and down outside the stadium of the University of Western Ontario in London because he had come down to the game at the last moment without a ticket. At Students' Administrative Council buffet suppers he becomes



Smith smiles at opening of huge chemistry building but his critics want a new library.

one of the boys, lustily leads the singsong and organizes games of charades.

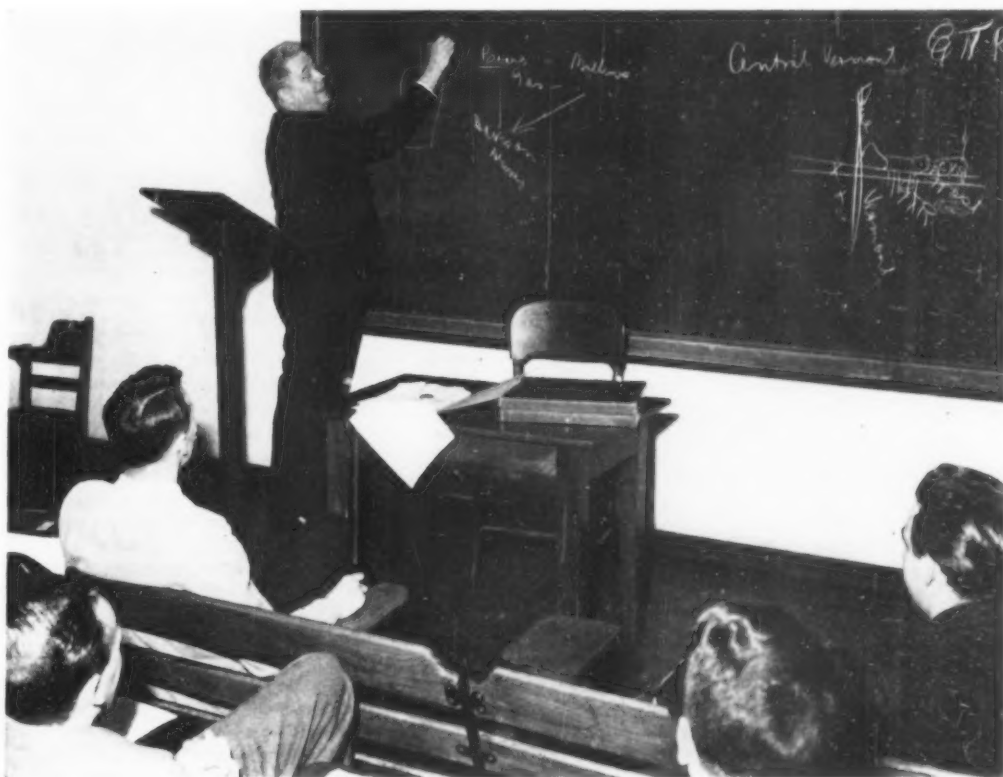
In his opening address to new students the first year he was president he remarked fondly: "I hope you won't think I'm just a fresh old man (he was forty-eight) if I smile at you when we pass each other particularly the younger co-eds and I do ask that you smile and at least say hello in return."

During his early years as president, Sidney Smith was lampooned affectionately in the Varsity, the students' daily newspaper, and dubbed Kidney Myth. In recent years the Varsity either avoids Smith altogether or baits him flagrantly. Despite an awareness of his distaste for the word sex in

the student publication the editors a few weeks ago got out a "What the Hell" issue devoted to satire. On the front page was the text of Smith's annual report to the board of governors, the part which dealt with the need for remedial English classes to fill in the gap in freshmen's knowledge of English grammar. For "English" the Varsity inserted "sex," with extraordinary results. The Students' Administrative Council, to Smith's relief, immediately suspended the Varsity.

Except for such monumental jibes, the newspaper rarely mentions Smith and Varsity editors explain that he is now such a stranger to the student body that the

*Continued on page 52*



In spite of a crushing executive burden Smith managed to teach law class in 1950-51.



WE LIVE IN THE

# WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS HOUSE

For eight thousand dollars a family home with built-in television, thermopane windows, shrubs and swimming pools at hand - - -



A basswood curtain encloses storage in Dugan's Levittown house. Home carries 60-day guarantee.



When Dugans moved in with four-hundred-dollar down payment, all-electric kitchen was ready.



Living room overlooking trim lawns gets radiant heat from floor, also boasts open fireplace.

By JAMES DUGAN

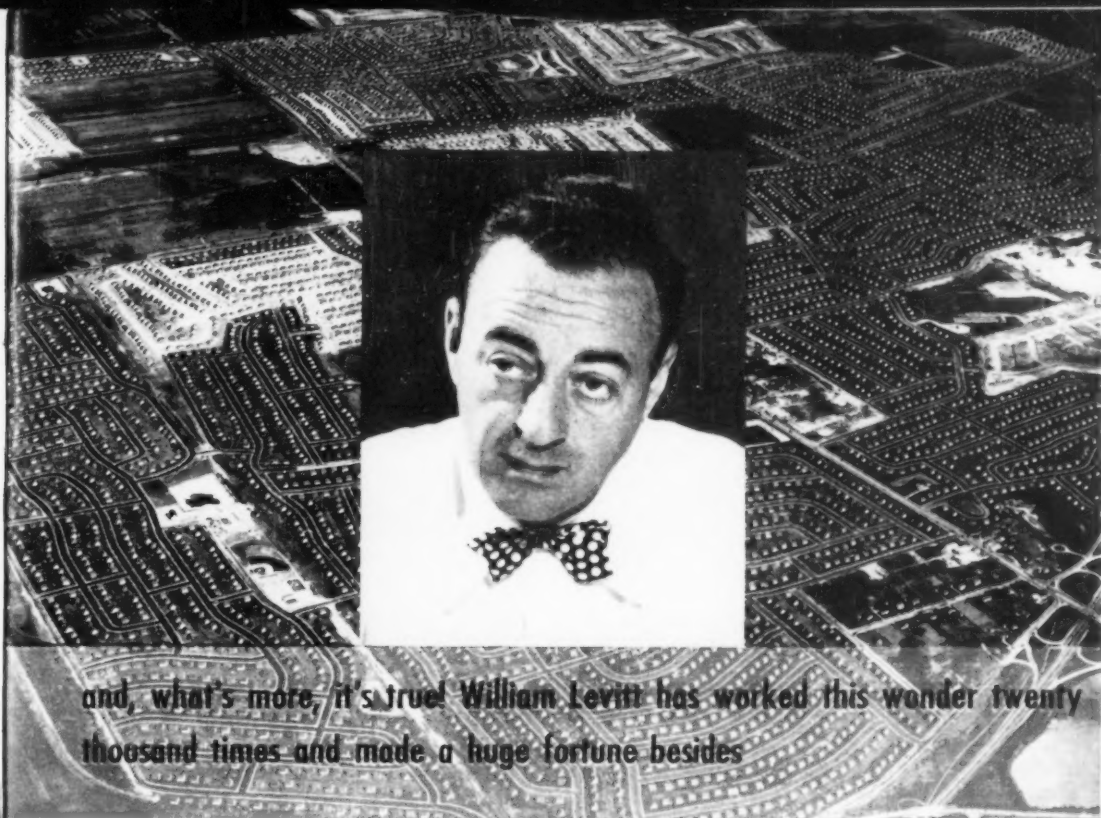
WHEN my wife and I took possession of the most famous house in the world in Levittown, N.Y., the lawyer representing Levitt and Sons, builders, gave us a fleeting glimpse of the \$7,990 mortgage cheque lent us by a bank. We endorsed it and signed a pile of documents. The attorney handed us two keys and said, "Enjoy your new home." "Where is it?" we asked. He said, "Hmm, 18 Merry Lane. Over on the other side of Newbridge Road somewhere." Nobody in Levitt and Sons real-estate office could tell us where it was, nor could the Levittown Tribune next door.

Employing the science of deduction we drove four miles northwest past some of Levittown's seventeen thousand five hundred houses, looking for the mud-and-litter evidence of new building. After an hour we found No. 18, a handsome brown and grey two-story ranch-style house. The keys fitted the door.

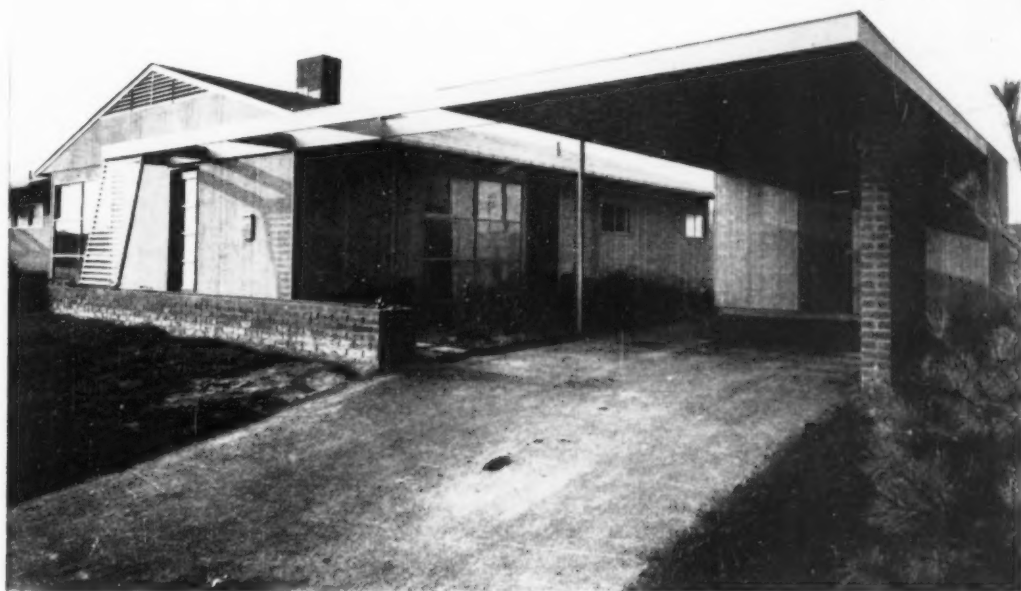
We entered through the aseptic kitchen. The radiant heat imbedded below the asphalt tile floor had been turned on for some time while specialists installed the electric machines, refrigerator, stove, oil burner, automatic washer and television set. Beyond the brick fireplace pier which divides kitchen and living room was a nineteen-foot thermopane window wall flooding the house with the low southern winter sun. There was mail for us already: a fuel oil bill, a note from the Committee to End Discrimination in Levittown protesting Levitt's exclusion of Negroes, and ads offering firewood, baby sitters, and fireplace grates.

We were wrapped up in a big package deal, a feat of mass home construction that has reduced homesteading to less trouble than buying a car. William Levitt, the Levitt of Levitt and Sons, seems to do everything for you.

We had never seen a salesman, architect, contractor or blueprints. We had never seen the



and, what's more, it's true! William Levitt has worked this wonder twenty thousand times and made a huge fortune besides



When Levitt offered sixteen thousand houses in Pennsylvania fifty thousand buyers besieged him.

impressible banker who lent us the mortgage or the Federal Veterans Administration which guaranteed half of it. We had visited the Levitt office only three brief times, once to inspect the model house and sign an application, again to select a house from an area map and pick one of four house styles, and lastly to take possession. All the other ceremonial of buying a house was handled invisibly by the Levitt organization. We paid the war veterans' down payment of four hundred dollars and assumed a thirty-year mortgage with carrying charges of fifty dollars per month, including amortization, interest, fire insurance, taxes and water rent.

The Levitt of Levitt and Sons is son William, a small red-faced man of forty-four who has built since the war 17,500-house Levittown, N.Y., and is now building 16,000-house Levittown, north of Philadelphia. He is the Ford of housing.

When Levitt started in 1947 houses were still

being built by the essential methods used at the time of Christ. Five years later Levitt's dazzling techniques have revolutionized the home-building industry and dragged other builders into the movement.

Levitt builds planned communities, down to parks and swimming pools. He builds an engineered house that sells for from twenty-five to forty percent less than a similar speculatively built house.

Our two-story house stands on a concrete slab with the central support of a brick chimney pier crossed by a steel I-beam. On the ground floor are kitchen, living room, understairs closet, bath, two bedrooms, and a built-in chest and linen closet with sliding doors. The second floor is unfinished. A sea carpenter I know floored and walled it, so I could have a brown study upstairs. The 60 x 100 foot lot has ten inches of good topsoil, well-carved for drainage, and was completely seeded and planted as part of Levitt's package. There is a

modern-style open carport and a garden toolshed.

Maclean's gave detailed specifications of my eight-thousand-dollar house to a Toronto suburban builder and asked him to quote cost of building it. His low stab was eleven thousand five hundred, without Levitt's all-electric kitchen and TV set and using some substitute materials.

In New York Levitt finished a house every forty-five minutes. In Pennsylvania he is finishing one every half hour. They are good houses, as we can testify after a year living in one. The best materials and machines go into them, from the copper radiant-heating coils in the floor to the stainless-steel sink the Tracy Co. designed for Levitt. The thirty-odd shrubs and trees Levitt plants on your lot are best strains and, if they die, Levitt replaces them. For sixty days after you move in Levitt's trouble shooters will fix bugs in the house free.

Levitt's towns have overcome much of the dreary sameness of the real-estate development. There are four variations of design, five exterior color schemes, and the houses sit in staggered positions on curving streets with many T-intersections and courts to discourage speeding drivers. Every street is paved, with storm sewers working before the houses are built. Shopping centres go up almost as fast as the houses.

My Levittown has seventy thousand inhabitants, eleven shopping centres, a civic centre, eight public swimming pools and thirty playgrounds, playing fields and parks. It has no movie theatres. Levittown is the first city of the television age: five thousand houses came with built-in TV. As the town stands it assesses at one hundred and seventy million dollars. Levittown, Pa., will be worth two hundred millions. Levitt's radicalism will, it is estimated, profit his firm about fifteen million dollars.

Levitt holds no trade secrets. He has released blueprints and specifications of his Pennsylvania houses to homemaking magazines for distribution to anybody, and a knowing contractor could study every aspect of how he has rationalized home building. In fact, a Pennsylvania builder put up facsimiles of Levitt's latest house before Levitt did. The enterprising ape took a long look at Levitt's pilot model house on Long Island and went and did likewise.

Levitt's technique is the assembly line turned inside out. Instead of the car coming past the worker the worker goes past the house. Before this occurs Levitt specialists do the planning. First Alfred Levitt, the engineering son of the firm, builds a model house. The pilot model of my eight-thousand-dollar house cost fifty thousand. The Levitts hold merchandising conferences to figure out sales hooks to put in the house, such as the thermopane wall, *Continued on page 40*

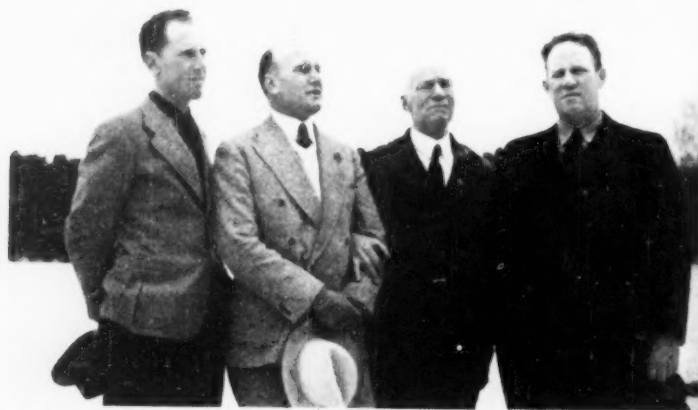


Dugans switched their built-in TV set to one of the two downstairs bedrooms. He has study above.





Hunters who killed Miner-banded birds returned this tub of bands.



When Jack (third, left) died sons Jasper, Manly, Ted carried on.

The call of the wild goose touched the cantankerous heart of Jack Miner and he made a home for them and a niche in the hall of fame. Many scientists still frown at his methods, but the unlettered lecturer swayed a continent

By FRED BODSWORTH

**O**N OCT. 15, 1923, David Lloyd George of Britain, then the most famous man in the British Empire, gave two public addresses in Winnipeg. Eight thousand persons turned out to hear him. There was no admission charge.

A few days later Jack Miner, creator of the famed wild-geese sanctuary at Kingsville, Ont., arrived in Winnipeg, also to deliver two addresses. Many persons were turned away from packed halls in which Miner spoke and he gave a third address for the overflow. Thirteen thousand people paid from twenty-five to fifty cents to hear Miner talk. And "Uncle Jack" hadn't then reached the peak of his popularity.

An unlettered farm boy who couldn't speak a dozen words without making a grammatical error, Jack Miner became according to press clipping service surveys—Canada's most widely known and publicized citizen. Twenty years ago when thousands of U.S. citizens were asked to name the best-known private citizen of North America (statesmen were excluded) Jack Miner ranked fifth. Ahead of him were Edison, Ford, Lindbergh and Rickenbacker. After his death on Nov. 3, 1944, his name was added to the Book of Knowledge as one of the fifteen great men of the world. W. S. Milner, University of Toronto professor of Greek and Roman history, once ranked him with Aristotle among the world's great thinkers. Humorist and author Irvin S. Cobb called him "the greatest naturalist on the planet."

Fame came to Jack Miner because he lured Canada geese by the thousands into a few puddles on his southwestern Ontario farm. There he protected and boarded them on Miner corn while they rested and strengthened on their migration flights. The geese still flock to Miner's because, after Jack's death, his three sons took over the job their father had begun.

Many have said, however, that another variety of corn contributed more to Miner's fame. For thirty years he stumped the continent as a lecturer, dispensing a peculiar brand of ungrammatical, unpolished sentiment, wit and clichés that kept his audiences either weeping or splitting with laughter.

He was not a talented speaker, but he had an evangelist's gift of pulling on an audience's heartstrings. He was a Billy Sunday whose sermon theme was birds instead of salvation. Thousands wept at his description of "dear mother's" deathbed, then laughed a few moments later as Miner sagely remarked that he was born barefooted. Hollywood and the radio had not yet refined the public's ideas of what constituted humor. He could refer to his wife as "my mother-in-law's daughter," and it was brilliant wit for the day. Now most of his famous Jack-Minerisms wouldn't raise a smile.

But more important than how he said it was what he said. For generations the forests and wildlife had been enemies of the pioneers, hindering development. Miner came along with a plea for wildlife conservation at a time when the public was beginning to see its need. He was marking his geese with aluminum leg bands and revealing a dramatic story of a six-thousand-mile-

**A MACLEAN'S**

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 1, 1952





a-year migration. An intensely religious man he was stamping his bands with Scripture texts and turning the birds of the air into missionaries. Today wildlife sanctuaries, conservation and birdbanding are commonplace. But when Miner started preaching these ideas thirty-five years ago it was a new and exciting message.

Others had espoused the cause of conservation before him, but no one before Jack Miner had brought the message to so large an audience.

In five years he crossed the continent seven times. Bands, mayors and premiers met his trains. At Ottawa he was introduced to audiences by Mackenzie King and was the prime minister's guest three times at Laurier House. In 1929 at Chicago he was introduced by President Herbert Hoover. In 1935 Miner and Mackenzie King were the two speakers who represented Canada on the empire-wide broadcast commemorating the silver jubilee of King George V.

But Miner's reputation as a great naturalist was not unanimously supported. Among the scientists most qualified to judge him Miner was regarded as a naive but well-meaning crackpot, a dabbler in the highly scientific field of wildlife management with no understanding of the scientific fundamentals involved. His interpretations of the wildlife observations he made were colored, sentimentalized and impulsive. His lectures were a mixture of common sense and nonsense which did much good for the cause of conservation and also much harm. He despised "experts with all their book learning" (his spelling). The experts looked upon him as a joke—but a serious sort of joke because of the immense influence he had on public thinking.

A controversial and paradoxical figure he was ridiculed by scientists in private and honored publicly by kings, prime ministers, presidents and millionaires. Canada's best-known lover of birds, he loved nothing more than to see a hawk or owl dying slowly as it hung upside down in one of his pole traps. He was awarded the OBE by King George VI as a protector of the wild geese, yet the experts he despised argued with him for fifteen years before he would remodel his sanctuary to prevent taming the geese, which made them easy prey for gunners. He boasted he had never read a book, but government leaders who knew their politics better than their biology accepted his advice and ignored that of their own university-trained biologists.

Miner was always doing or advocating things which made him a thorn in the side of wildlife officials at Ottawa—or, as Miner claimed, the officials were always a thorn in his side.

His banding system was the first Miner enterprise to come under official fire. He started placing leg bands on waterfowl in 1909. By 1920 there were several hundred birdbanders in Canada and the U.S., all operating individually with no central headquarters correlating their activities. About 1920 the Canadian and U.S. governments recognized banding as a scientific research which, if properly organized, could provide important data for game-law policies. So Ottawa and Washington jointly took over direction of all birdbanding. The confusion of scores of types of bands was removed by issuing all banders with identical, government-prepared bands bearing a serial number and the legend: Notify Biological Survey, Washington, D.C. All records were filed at Ottawa and Washington and all birdbanding correlated into a single operation.

Every bander welcomed the change, except Jack Miner. He insisted on remaining a lone wolf. His Scripture-bearing bands were bringing him a fame he refused to give up. And he was such a public hero that, politically if not legally, he was immune to government pressure. He was permitted to continue banding independently.

Next, government officials suggested he alter his bands and recording system so that his work would have greater scientific value. Frequently he banded hundreds of geese in a single day but there were no serial numbers on the bands to identify each bird individually. When one was shot, Miner's records would show only the date or season when it was originally banded. There was no record of where and when it might have been trapped and released in the interval. There was no record

*Continued on page 56*



Honored by premiers and presidents, Jack was awarded OBE in 1943.



With friendly pigeons Jack and Grey Owl meet at the Miner sanctuary.

## FLASHBACK



Borradaile (left) is congratulated for his work on *Royal Journey* by W. A. Irwin, NFB commissioner.

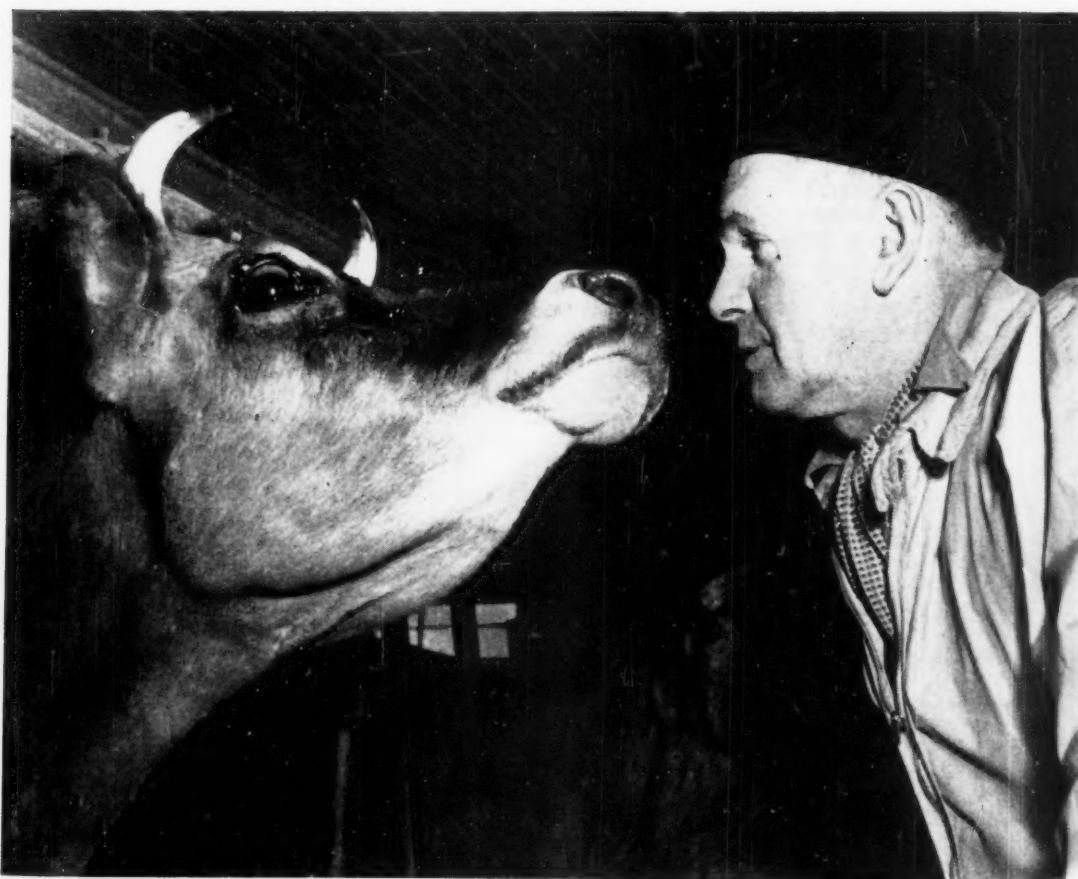
# THE FARMER WHO MAKES MOVIES



Lilla and George (seated), Anita behind them and Mrs. Borradaile (right) view travelogue.



Cameraman Borradaile at work on NFB's *Breakdown*. His first movie job was at the end of a mop.



Farmer Borradaile at work in his cow barn. In the house he has trophies from big-game hunting days.

Osmond Borradaile, the veteran Canadian cameraman who has won critical huzzas for *Royal Journey*, has gone back to his Chilliwack farm where he sometimes rises at 4.30 to milk the cows. And he has no intention of ever returning to the Hollywood rat race he once knew



By CLYDE GILMOUR

THE MOST widely esteemed motion-picture photographer in Canada is a quiet but stubborn man with the sonorous name, Osmond Borradaile, who is not connected directly with the film industry at all. Borradaile is a hard-working dairy farmer living near Chilliwack, in British Columbia's Fraser Valley, and his austere personal habits, which occasionally include rising at four-thirty in the morning to milk his cows, have little or nothing in common with the fabled Bohemian ways of show people.

Borradaile was chief cameraman in the making of *Royal Journey*, the most successful Canadian movie ever produced. The film, a documentary feature or super-travelogue, in excellent color, commemorated the visit paid to Canada and the United States last fall by Britain's present Queen and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. Critics and audiences on both sides of the Atlantic are still saluting the picture as perhaps the finest thing ever done by the National Film Board of Canada, a federal agency which has had its share of abuse in parliament since it was established in 1939.

Borradaile shared the praise from reviewers at home and in New York and London. Never having heard of him before, some Canadians surmised that the cameraman receiving international acclaim must be a newcomer to the business. The truth is that Borradaile is fifty-three years old and had been filming important movies and brushing elbows with celebrities all over the world for three decades before he finally realized a boyhood ambition by taking up the rural life in 1950. Farming is his main job now and he gets no regular salary from any source, but about twice a year he gives himself a brief leave of absence and makes a movie for NFB to help the family budget. *Royal Journey*, capping his career with a Canadian triumph in the land of his birth, happens to be one of those.

His other credits include such impressive films as *Sanders of the River*, *Elephant Boy*, *The Overlanders*, the *Macomber Affair*, *Scott of the Antarctic*, and *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. It was Borradaile who photographed sultry Marlene Dietrich's original American screen test. She looked, he thought at the time, like "a cold lump of cheese." Borradaile recorded the gross spectacle of Henry VIII's mutton-tossing table manners while Charles Laughton was impersonating that earthy monarch. Cecil B. deMille, the brothers Alexander and Zoltan Korda of Hungary and Britain, and the late Robert J. Flaherty, "father of the documentary," have relied as directors on his technical skill and camera-eye intuitions. Such past and present screen stars as Gloria Swanson, Fatty Arbuckle, Valentino, the senior Douglas Fairbanks, Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo, John Mills and Cary Grant have done their stuff in front of Borradaile's lens.

Besides his ten years in Hollywood, a span which ended in 1929 when he moved to Paris for Paramount, Borradaile has fought in two wars and made movies in most of the countries of Europe, in Australia, Africa, India, the Holy Land and Syria, and in both the Arctic and Antarctic polar wildernesses. He has traveled by sea, air, rail, automobile, on horseback, on mountain pony, and once up the Congo in a dugout canoe. Today a trunk in the family living room at Chilliwack safeguards the pelts and snarling heads of two tigers, two panthers, and a leopard, all of which Borradaile killed.

"As far as I know," one of his neighbors remarked recently, "Bordie is the only milk producer in western Canada who wears a Basque beret in the cow barn."

In all other respects, though, the global-minded farmer dresses and comports himself like any average Fraser Valley granger. He wears the beret in memory of Paris and in homage to his wife, Christiane, a trim and animated Frenchwoman, but mainly because it's the most comfortable headgear he owns. The Borradailes have three children, fifty-five head of Jersey cattle, a steadfast

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A MOVIE CAMERAMAN



These Alps were made in Hollywood in 1924 for the filming of Elinor Glyn's *Beyond the Rocks*. That's Gloria Swanson waving (right) with Borradaile (seated, centre). The author is at his right.



The cameraman, shown here with his wife, found Sabu (centre) working in a stable.



Borradaile was devoted to Robert Flaherty (right) with whom he filmed *Elephant Boy*.

Labrador dog named Blackie, and eighty fruitful acres divided into two adjoining properties in the shadow of Mount Cheam.

Borradaile says he has no intention of ever again working in Hollywood. Half jocularly, but half in earnest too, he often uses the phrase "den of vultures" in referring to the American movie capital, although some of his oldest and best friends are there and he has a high regard for Hollywood's worthier talents. His future program is "to keep right on farming in British Columbia and not go broke doing it; to have the fun of watching my kids growing up in a healthful

environment; and, occasionally, to assist in the making of honest, unpretentious movies about life in Canada as it really is."

Meanwhile, Borradaile is elated over the success of *Royal Journey*, a film which unlike most Film Board productions is expected to show a profit. The over-all cost was about \$200,000.

"A phenomenon and a sensation!" cried Toronto's *Canadian Film Weekly*. In New York, the hard-boiled *Film Daily* went even further: "One of the notable documentary experiences the outstanding color film of the year." *Variety*, the bible of the box

*Continued on page 62*



Marlene likes sports magazines best. She makes her own fried-egg sandwiches.

# THE CHAMP STILL BABY SITS

Marlene Stewart, who started her golfing career with a hole in one and then quickly improved, hasn't let the glitter of all her trophies dazzle her. Back home in Fonthill, Ont., she's known as the girl who plays trumpet in the school band as well as Canada's athlete of the year

By TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

THREE years ago when she was fifteen Marlene Stewart played her first season of golf. She scored a hole in one on the 127-yard second hole at the Lookout Point club near her home town of Fonthill, Ont. Marlene, who has since become the best woman golfer in Canada, still plays Lookout Point but has scored no more aces on the second or any other hole. To her golf-wise friends this abandonment of the game's perfect accident is the truest measure of the great improvement which has taken place in her game. For Marlene no longer uses a long-hitting number two iron as she did when she was a learner making that hole in one. Today when she steps up to the

second tee at Lookout to take her cut she uses a seven or eight just like a good male golfer.

Last season, as an artless, unaffected, seventeen-year-old tomboy, Marlene won two national championships plus the tough Ontario provincial championship. She also was named Ontario's and Canada's outstanding athlete for the year.

Away from the golf course, on which she is such a determined, concentrating stoic that she has picked up the nickname Little Ben, after Ben Hogan, Marlene Stewart is the chattiest, cheeriest, chirpiest kid-next-door who ever snapped her bubble gum in the high-school gymnasium. She isn't the width of a blade of grass. She's five feet tall and while she was winning her championships last summer she didn't weigh more than one hundred and eight pounds with her pockets stuffed with golf balls. She has tiny feet (size four) and equally small and rather chubby hands but as evidence of the work she puts into golf she has a callous shaped like a half-moon at least three inches from tip to tip on the palm of her left hand.

Her face is freckled, girlish, sun-cripsed and crowned with a cropped thatch of chestnut hair. She wears sweaters and skirts and two-tone saddle shoes and white ankle socks, lives with her mother and dad and thirteen-year-old sister Dolly in Fonthill, a rolling, pleasant little town of fourteen hundred on the side of a hill twelve miles northwest of Niagara Falls. She prepares the family dinner every evening, looks puzzled if anyone asks whether she has favorite exotic dishes.

"Heck, no," she says, "just lots of meat and potatoes." She says she likes steaks but has no favorite way of preparing them. "I like eating 'em, not cooking 'em," she grins. "I just throw it in and cook it."

Marlene and Dolly, who is called Peanut at

school, are like most sisters five years apart, the older a little patronizing, the younger staunchly aggressive. The family lives in a two-story seven-room house on Fonthill's main street, the front of which serves as Harold Stewart's electrical appliance store. The girls clerk occasionally and Dolly also turns up from time to time as a clerk in Sharpe's drugstore across the street. Both parents are obviously proud of Marlene's golf achievements but their pride is not cloying. Harold, solemn, slim and sandy-haired, says they have tried to impress on Marlene that no matter what she wins she probably wouldn't have to look far to find someone who could beat her.

Marlene doesn't read much; when she does it's mostly sports magazines. At school, where she is required to read six books a term, Marlene chose a slim volume of Plato "because it was the thinnest." She is, however, an honor student in grade twelve at the Pelham District High School four miles down the road. She makes the trip by school bus, studies conscientiously every week night. She plays basketball and badminton during the winter and last year was high scorer on the junior basketball team. For variety, she blows a bugle in the school's girls' band. Everybody in school and around Fonthill seems to have a genuine affection for her. Two classmates, Vivian and Sylvia Haist, say that "If anything, she's even nicer now than before she won the golf championships; she's so friendly." The inference is that Marlene goes out of her way to prove nothing has changed.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of Marlene's golf success is the speed with which she achieved it. Golf can be an exacting, perverse, humiliating undertaking, the only game in which excitement and nervous energy cannot be expelled by physical motion. No matter what his opponent's foibles,



Gordie McInnes is her coach and friend. She sometimes sits with the McInnes children.



the golfer always has that final battle with himself before his ball will go anywhere. Consequently, most expert golfers are experienced golfers.

Enter, then, Little Ben, eighteen last March 9. How can her success be explained? If there is a secret to Marlene Stewart's success it is her absolute dedication to the game. She would, literally, rather practice than play. She is fascinated by the very act of hitting a ball and she is satisfied only when she hits it properly. She is a perfectionist. Her instructor, Gordon McInnes, estimates that Marlene has hit more golf shots, mostly in practice, in her three years in the game than the vast majority of women golfers have hit in the last ten.

The day Fonthill received her after she won the Canadian championship, rolling her through the town in an open convertible, making speeches about her accomplishment, she drew McInnes aside and whispered quickly: "Gee, Gordie, this is great, but when can we get in some golf?" She frequently caddies for McInnes, the pro at their home course at Fonthill, when he is playing a round with his friend, Doug Farley, and she does this so she can watch the men hit the ball.

"She'll ask the odd question about a particular shot," Farley says, "but she spends most of the time concentrating on the way a man hits a ball, studying the way the hips go through, for example, or the way the weight shifts to the left foot."

Marlene's determination and concentration have been her fortes. Her most outstanding facial feature is her jaw, long, jutting and determined. Somebody once noted that it was the same kind of a jaw that King Clancy, the great-hearted former defenseman for the Toronto Maple Leafs, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, the world's most versatile woman athlete, and Johnny Mize, the old clutch-hitting first baseman of the New York Yankees, all had. And all these athletes have one other thing in common. They hate to lose.

In spite of Marlene's many victories, other women golfers like her, a remarkable tribute from

a notoriously feline group. She is completely unsophisticated and, as Ada MacKenzie has said, "You couldn't find a nicer type to represent Canada. A fine, natural youngster."

Ada MacKenzie, the wonder woman of Canadian golf for twenty-five years, knew about Marlene months before she became the most sensational young golfer Canada ever had. She found out about Little Ben the one way any golfer ever finds out about another—by her reaction to pressure. It was in the Ontario championship just about a year ago now that Ada, five times Canadian open champion, five times Canadian close champion and nine-time winner of the provincial championship of Ontario, was drawn against the then obscure halfpint from a place called Fonthill. Ada had shot the low score in the qualifying round and she was favored to win another provincial crown.

Thinking back over a fantastic year in which Marlene won all of the major championships, Ada always returns to that early-round meeting. That, to her, was more telltale than Marlene's victory over Mae Murray, a U. S. national runner-up, in the Canadian semifinal, and over Grace Lenczyk, former U. S. national champion and defending Canadian champion, in the final.

"It was the only time in my life," says Miss MacKenzie, "that I have ever been six holes down after playing six holes. I was playing pretty well, too, although my four iron was fading a little. But that unbelievable child was four under fours for six holes. Just feature it: she played the first six holes in twenty strokes! She'd had two twos and four fours. I never faced anything like that."

"Still, I wasn't too perturbed. I've played enough golf to know that youngsters can blow up quickly and I was confident that this little cherub was too inexperienced not to be bothered by her lead. I settled down, too. I won four of the next seven holes and the other three we halved. I felt I had her now, knowing that psychologically she would be becoming

*Continued on page 43*



Marlene with her father and mother in the family electrical store in Fonthill.



Dolly, aged thirteen, helps the champion paste clippings into her big scrapbook.

### The champion practices all summer, all winter.




Whether she's playing for keeps (left) or putting up to a cup on the floor Marlene bears down with the concentration that won those trophies behind her.



Sylvia Haist, Ellen Lymburner and Vivian Haist at trumpet practice with Marlene.



Marlene, in the centre, plays basketball and badminton during the winter months.



# FOR 3 NIGHTS ONLY

**A**T FIVE in the afternoon, on schedule, the plane arriving with Maggie had droned over the business section of town. By five-thirty, Dave estimated, she was temporarily installed in a hotel suite and on the phone to Rita. Forty-five minutes later, as he swung the car round the last turn of the hills, he had no doubt that the line between the hotel and the bungalow on the lake would still be returning a busy signal.

Rita was just hanging up as he arrived. She put a small hand to her forehead with the gesture of pleasurable exhaustion which usually followed telephone conversations with Maggie Raven, and a little flush glowed in her cheeks beneath the suntan. Otherwise her manner betrayed nothing more than the normal preoccupation of an expectant hostess. "She says," Rita quoted, "'no luncheons, no receptions, no interviews, no nothings. Just gossip in the wilderness.'"

Dave grinned. "The dreams she has!"

Rita nodded. "I pointed out that she's got to do a little receiving in the dressing room tonight whether she likes it or not. And if she thinks she's getting out of the cocktail party tomorrow she's crazy. We have to go on living in this community."

Dinner was a flurried affair, but Mrs. Potter arrived to take charge of the children and Dave dressed in comparative peace. He had hardly settled himself in the living room for a glance at the newspaper when Rita appeared on the stairway. Her coat was draped around her shoulders and she was ready to start. It was one of the rewards of living which he never liked to miss, the sight of her cool, fragile loveliness in the first freshness of the evening. But he noticed that she was wearing her second-best dinner dress, and she had drawn her honey-yellow hair into the bun that always made her look like the teacher of a class of Dresden dolls. He grinned at the sight of it, and she made a wry little moue, her eyes cryptic behind the smile. "When you can't win, don't compete," she said. "Let's go."

They reached the city with half an hour to spare before curtain time. Rita said, as though on impulse, "Let's have a look at the works of David Edwards." They drove along the familiar streets and watched the lights coming on in some of his houses—the Winston place, its cool friendly symmetry riding the crest of the little ridge as though hill and house had grown there together; the Municipal Apartments, where fifty families were living now in clean comfort for less than their nasty tenements had cost them before. Rita lifted her hand in a small, ironically pompous gesture. "There, my lord," she said, "is also worthy work." It was all she could do. It was the reason she had got him into town early. Ten minutes later they were in their seats and the theatre was darkening amid an expectant, electric hush.

The set was flashy and faintly vulgar. It missed the mood of the play by reaching for it. No depth, no subtlety, no flair. It was a roadshow adaptation of the New York original, but that didn't excuse it. The instant the curtain went up he knew he could have done a better job than the overrated Broadway carpenter responsible for this. Then Maggie made her first entrance, gathering the house to her as palpably as if she held a drawstring, and nothing else mattered.

It was only in the lobby during intermission that ideas returned to him in a nagging swarm. He was still playing with the possibilities of that set, still making phantom sketches when they slipped back to their seats and the darkened house rippled into silence again. A bare angle of masonry jutting forward to emphasize the starkness of tragedy; a high, narrow window, startling with a glimpse of cloud and sky and everlasting hills. The hint of universality. It was what the set needed; but Maggie Raven needed none of it.


Before she was ten minutes into the act he felt it all again. She could have played on a bare stage. She could have played on a rail fence. She lifted you away from sterile plottings with wood and plaster and canvas, absorbed you into herself and melted with

*Continued on page 44*

By JOSEPH SCHULL.

ILLUSTRATED BY MURRAY SMITH

*Dave still had stars in his eyes  
and the brightest was the famous Maggie Raven.  
But no one counted on Rita  
playing the rowdy last act for keeps*







# HERO OF THE HUNTED MEN

Defying death at the hands of Russian agents Yaroslav Stetzko leads a multi-language patchwork army of underground fighters in a crusade to crush Russian imperialism. In a Munich beer cellar he told a Maclean's editor of his audacious hopes to break up the Soviet Union from within

By MCKENZIE PORTER



A platoon of Ukrainian underground fighters celebrate Easter in the woods. Couriers who make journeys into the Soviet are given a vial of poison to bite on if they are caught by the Reds.



This ABN meeting in Munich's Hofbrauhaus gives proof to the world of the determination of those who live under Russian domination to be free. They look to the day when they'll have the West's aid.

SOMEWHERE in Europe tonight, a penniless, homeless and hunted man named Yaroslav Stetzko fights on as he has for the last twenty-five years in an undeclared war against Soviet Russia.

While the greatest alliance of nations in history surveys the uncertain task of containing Communist expansion, Stetzko has bet his life, quite literally and almost every day, that he knows how to do a much bigger job much better.

The mere containment of Russia does not interest him and the coalition of enslaved peoples he leads. Their goal is to vanquish Russia in her heartland.

I first heard of Stetzko in Canada last summer. I caught up with him in January in an empty cellar in Munich. Here, for the first time, I came face to face with the wan little figure I had learned so much about—the president of the valiant collation of guerrilla fighters and refugees banded together on both sides of the Iron Curtain under the name of Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations, or ABN.

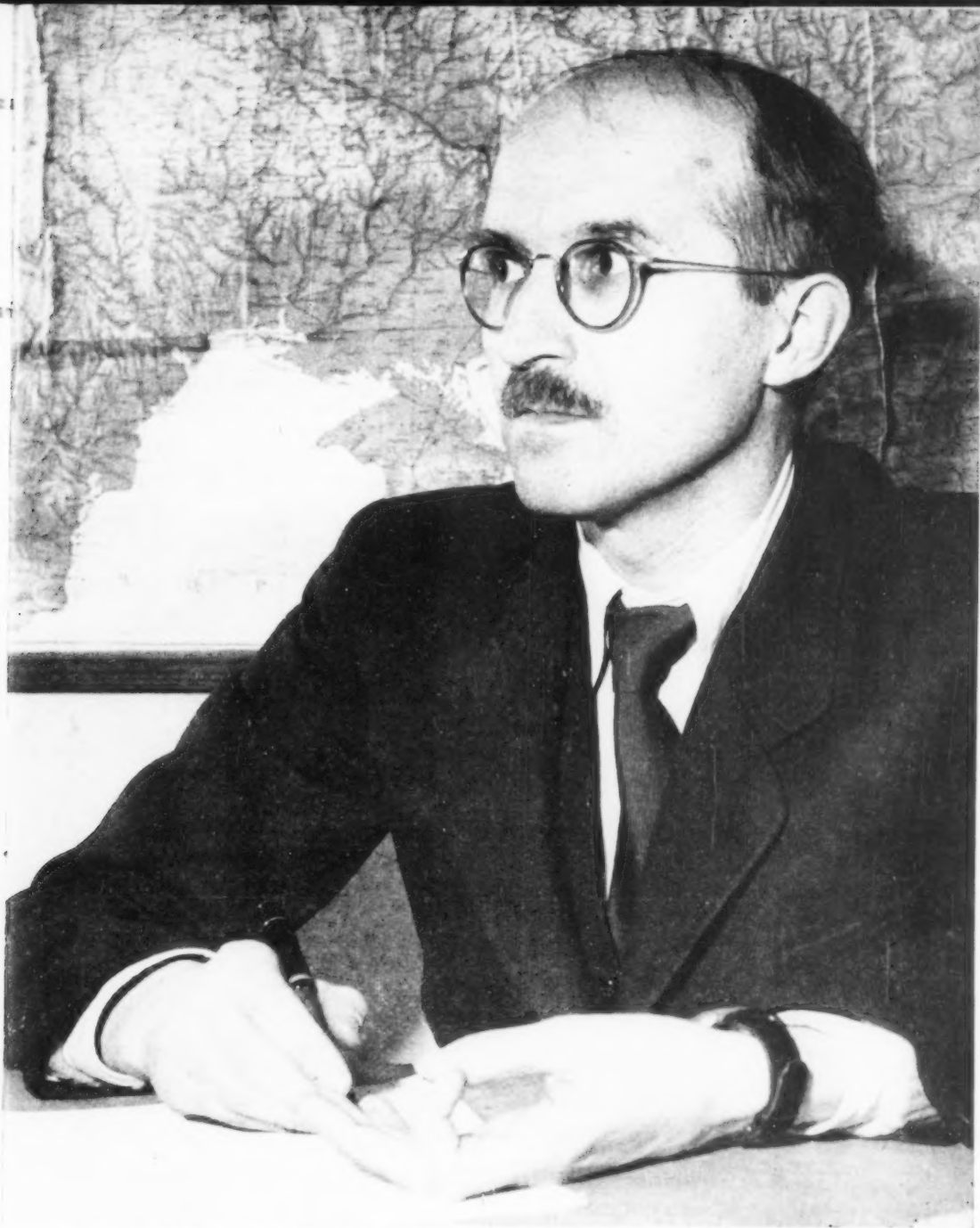
Stetzko and ABN are dedicated to the kindling of revolt among the three hundred million human beings who have lost their freedom over the centuries to many forms of Russian imperialism of which Communism is the most recent and most ruthless.

For all their audacity they do not believe their dream of liberation from within can be accomplished without help from the free nations. So far this help has not been forthcoming and ABN's cause looks almost hopeless. While the U.S. Congress was debating sending another eight billion dollars to support the burgeoning armies of NATO and to strengthen other nations under the mutual security program, a Canadian-Ukrainian community hall in western Canada was holding a rummage sale for ABN.

While a United Nations delegate spoke up in defiance of another Soviet threat, one of Stetzko's officers stole down an alley in Prague, posted a crude handbill on a wall and fled into the night. While UN jet planes engaged Communist MIGs over Korea in the full panoply of battle, one of Stetzko's messengers stumbled into the arms of a Red Army patrol in the dark of a Caucasian forest, bit the end off a tube of cyanide and perished without firing a shot.

But, as a symbol of imperviousness to odds, of a dogged willingness to live only for death and to die for a distant ideal, ABN could have chosen no better leader than Yaroslav Stetzko, I was told. He has spent all his adult life trying to win independence for his native Ukraine. At forty-five he is stooped and frail, and his thin, sensitive, scholarly face, pallid from Polish prisons, German concentration camps and years spent plotting in cellars, gives him something of the appearance of a university professor who has fallen on evil days. His left arm hangs stiff, bullet-scarred and useless at his side, a souvenir of the Russian secret police whose constant shadow, even in the theoretical sanctuary





Yaroslav Stetzko lives in the shadow of the Russian secret police. Once they struck from the air and ever since his bullet-scarred left arm has been useless. Each night he must sleep in a different bed.

of Western Europe, rarely permits him the luxury of spending two nights in the same bed.

The least melodramatic of men, Stetzko need only call on simple mathematics to remind himself that no amount of prudence can guarantee his safety. The Ukrainian underground movement, through whose ranks he rose to his present post, has had four chieftains since 1938, and three of them are dead. Two were killed in guerrilla battles against the Red Army in the Ukraine. The third was assassinated by a Red agent in Rotterdam.

For these good and sufficient reasons, Stetzko's lieutenants are inclined to regard every stranger as a potential killer. Before I interviewed him early this year, I had to go through intermediaries in Edinburgh, London and Munich. During my long journey I had time to think over what I had learned in advance about the detailed aspirations of Stetzko's ABN.

Its aim is no less than the dissolution of two Russian Empires—the outer empire of eleven satellite Communist states like Hungary and Poland as well as the inner empire of fourteen states and ethnic regions which, although officially a part of the U.S.S.R., is regarded by many of its disparate peoples as a victim of Muscovite oppression. Russia's 110,000,000 non-Muscovites have always been dominated by the 91,000,000 Muscovites who live around the capital. Some, like the Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, have broken away from the

embrace of Holy Mother Russia within comparatively recent times, only to be gathered in again by brute force. Most of the others, like the Ukrainians, Armenians and Cossacks suffered wrongs under the Czars which have been aggravated by the excesses of the Commissars, and according to Stetzko would, if given encouragement from outside, rise in open rebellion.

All these states are also represented in the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations, each with its own cadre of underground members inside the Iron Curtain and its own cadre of refugee members outside. Contact is maintained usually by courier.

Although no Western nation supports it officially, ABN has won an increasing number of influential sympathizers in the last year, including the U.S. presidential candidate Harold E. Stassen. Its most vociferous champion in the West is the Scottish League for European Freedom, through which I met Yaroslav Stetzko. The league's backers include an earl, a professor of law, a banker and an editor.

In 1951 I wrote John Stewart, chairman of the league, asking if he could help me to obtain an interview with Stetzko. He replied cautiously that he would like to meet me first. So early this year I flew from Toronto to Prestwick and took the first train to Edinburgh.

In a bleak little granite villa under the foothills that surround the Scottish capital, I found to my

surprise that Stewart is eighty years old. But he carries his age as vigorously as he swings the kilt he wears every day. He is a tiny, alert, stocky man with silver hair, apple cheeks and a canny chuckle. Before World War II he traveled widely in Russia and Eastern Europe on behalf of an export-import company. Since he retired he has devoted his life to persuading the West that in the groaning subject races of Moscow we have powerful allies against Communism. He is helped by his equally robust wife and daughter. His home is the clearing house for all ABN propaganda in the English language.

In a display cabinet Stewart showed me a photograph album in a polished wooden back inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It was fashioned in a bunker by an underground soldier and it contains pictures of Ukrainian partisans. On the inside is the inscription: "To Mr. John F. Stewart, the great friend of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations."

To this quiet little home, at irregular intervals, come strange visitors from the night. Stetzko himself and other ABN leaders—Latvians, Hungarians, Turkestans.

"They come without warning and they leave without telling me where they are going," Stewart told me. "Even here in Scotland they don't feel safe from the MVD."

Stewart gave me addresses in London and Munich and a personal letter of introduction to Stetzko. "I'll try to arrange an interview somewhere near Munich," he said, "but I can promise nothing."

From Ukrainians in London I learned something more of Stetzko's crusade. He was born in 1906 in Lvov in the western Ukraine, which, between wars, was part of Poland. His father was a priest of the persecuted Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church. At the Lvov University, when he was sixteen, Stetzko took part in student demonstrations against the Polish regime. Before he was twenty he edited an illegal newspaper for an organization which sought to rid the entire Ukraine of foreigners. In 1936 a Polish court sentenced him, along with a score of others, to fifteen years in prison.

Once when the group went on hunger strike the warden threatened to shoot them unless the ringleader surrendered. Although he was not the ringleader, Stetzko stepped forward. In front of his friends he was flogged savagely. They called the strike off to save his life.

In 1938 the bomb murder in Rotterdam of Eugene Konovalets, chief of the Ukrainian underground, by a Russian agent, involved a reshuffle in underground ranks. Stetzko, still in jail, was made Prime Minister of a shadow government to be proclaimed if the chaos of war made this possible.

When the Germans invaded Poland in 1939 the Poles released Stetzko in the hope that he would bring Ukrainians to their side. But Poland fell before he could make a choice. Lvov was seized by the Russians under the Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement and the Nazis and Reds conducted a joint man-hunt for Ukrainian nationalist leaders. Stetzko went to earth, but certain that the hated Germans would eventually attack the hated Russians he began preparing the Ukrainians for an uprising. He dodged Russian sentry bullets to visit underground cells by motorboat along the San river, a tributary of the Vistula.

When Hitler invaded Russia, the waiting Ukrainian guerrillas emerged and created a three-day panic among Red Army troops. On June 30 they seized the Lvov radio station and proclaimed Stetzko Prime Minister of a free Ukraine. Next day the Germans entered Lvov. Stetzko broadcast optimistically that his government saw "possibilities of co-operation" with the Germans provided they "respected the ideal of Ukrainian sovereignty." On leaving the radio station a hail of bullets fired by a Gestapo agent splashed into the wall, missing him by inches. Hitler chose to play the role of conqueror in the Ukraine. Stetzko was tracked down and thrown into Sachsenhausen concentration camp.

His supporters now turned against the Germans with a fury sharpened

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At Elsinore, Denmark, Johnny (left) and Lenny confidently thumb rides to Sweden.



# Our Passport was a Dishrag

Washing pots in Sweden, baby-sitting in Holland, drawing beer in Warwickshire, these two Canadian girls saw a Europe the tourists never even glimpse. They didn't bring back a Fath creation but they did once try to wash themselves in wine

By LENNY BURTON AND JOHNNY COCHRANE



**E**VERY once in a while these days we pick up a magazine and discover that some author is telling optimistic readers how they can see Europe for five hundred dollars.

Five hundred dollars? We saw Europe on two dollars.

In fact, we covered fifteen thousand miles of it and we were gone eighteen months, from the spring of 1950 to Christmas 1951. We visited the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark and Sweden. We even spent a couple of months in frozen Lapland, one hundred and thirty miles north of the Arctic circle. We didn't have any contacts or friends to pave our way, we didn't speak any language but

In Stockholm they washed dishes in a large restaurant; in Devon they scrubbed floors.

our native English, and we didn't wire home to Canada for a cent.

We had a fine time.

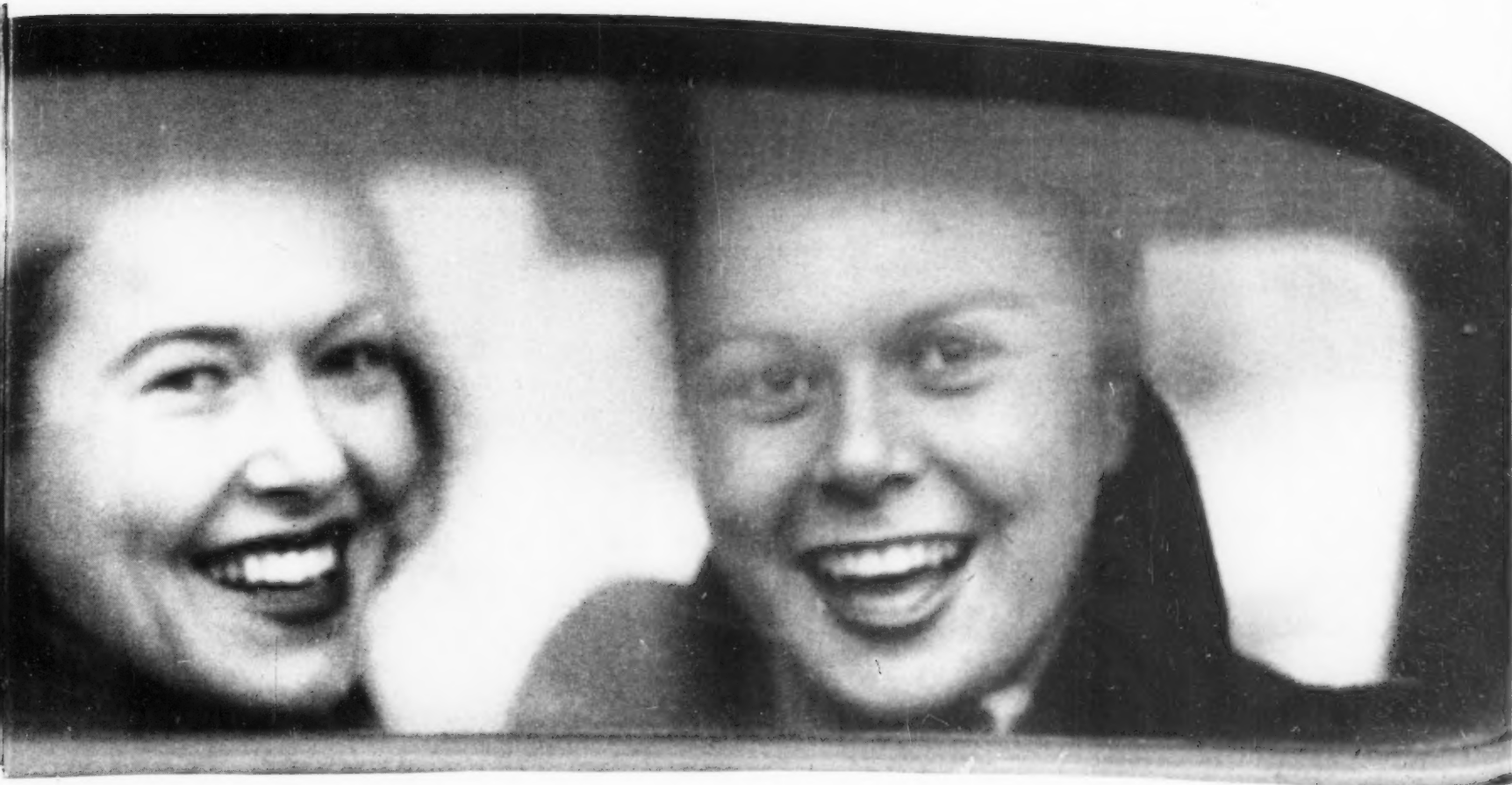
Of course, most of the time we had to sleep in buses, barns, cowsheds, ditches, hedges and overturned boats. In Norway we slept in a bomb shelter, in Cornwall on rocks, in Somerset in a corner in some old ruins, in Calais in a graveyard.

Once we wandered into what we thought was a deserted Salvation Army church in Scandinavia, and woke up next morning to find the congregation filing in.

Once we fell asleep on the banks of the Loire, in France; when we opened our startled eyes next day we found ourselves soaked in rising waters and crawling with live slugs.

Once we bedded down late at night in Rotterdam's largest park and woke at dawn surrounded by a dozen ducks, a crowd of staring people and a burly Dutch policeman indignantly kicking our bottoms.





Our food was mostly pork and beans. Usually we ate them cold, scooped out of ragged-edged cans, balanced on the blade of a hunting knife, and washed down by water. They tasted wonderful.

Our clothes were limited to a single pair of blue jeans each and a couple of threadbare jerseys. Our only make-up was one comb and one lipstick shared between us and two washcloths. We toted forty-five-pound rucksacks containing our sleeping bags. Our souvenirs are mostly physical: fingers still sore from washing dishes, peeling vegetables and scaling fish in icy water; feet still leathery from trudging along hundreds of roads and sidewalks.

In case all this suggests we're an odd pair of girls, we're not, really. We're quite ordinary, quite respectable, we think. When Lenny's not traveling, she lives with her parents in a small farming community called Burgessville, about nine miles from Woodstock, Ont. Her father is a farmer and her mother is interested in church work. Johnny lives in Lindsay, Ont., with her father, a locomotive engineer, and her new stepmother. Both of us are the youngest of our families and we're both Home Economics graduates of Macdonald Institute in Guelph. In fact, that's where we met each other, four years ago. We suppose we're as good to look at as most girls. We've always had dates at home. We had a lot of dates on our European jaunt and we'd like to get married someday, but at the moment there's no romantic interest in our lives.

We're both twenty-one.

Our yen for traveling dates back to our graduation dance in June 1949. On that night we caught the late train for Banff, where we'd hired as college-girl waitresses for the summer season. Three months later the job was over, but we'd fallen in love with the Canadian west: we hitchhiked on to Jasper, Vancouver, the Okanagan

Valley (we arrived in time to pick and grade the apple harvest) and so home via the Rockies and Edmonton, just in time for Christmas. Our trip convinced us that two girls willing to work their way across Europe could have a pretty good time and see a lot of country. We told our families our plan. They said "Go ahead. Remember we're here if ever you need anything." We promised to write home every week and we kept our promise.

We applied for jobs as waitresses in a Laurentian skiing resort and by the spring of 1950 we'd earned enough for two one-way passages to England, plus forty dollars in cash. We booked passage on the Samaria sailing from Quebec City and shipped half a dozen suitcases of clothes there, to be picked up and put on the ship on sailing day. Then we checked into a Montreal hotel for our last night in Canada.

At this point something terrible happened. We overslept. When we opened our eyes on sailing day the last train to Quebec had departed hours ago! Frantically we leaped into our clothes and dashed to the highway to hitchhike east. But three hours later we were only one hundred miles outside Montreal. The Samaria was due to sail at 8 p.m. We called a taxi. It cost us thirty-eight dollars. That's why we entered England with a two-dollar bill and only the clothes we stood in.

We had decided to look for work in Blackpool, the resort season being on, but when we hitchhiked there and saw the place we took an instant dislike to it. We went back to Coventry, where we were offered jobs as barmaids in a local pub called The Grapes. We were undoubtedly the worst barmaids that ever drew a beer, for we knew nothing of drink, were mystified by the English coins, and couldn't make out the local accent. Still, nobody seemed to mind and in any case we were staying only two

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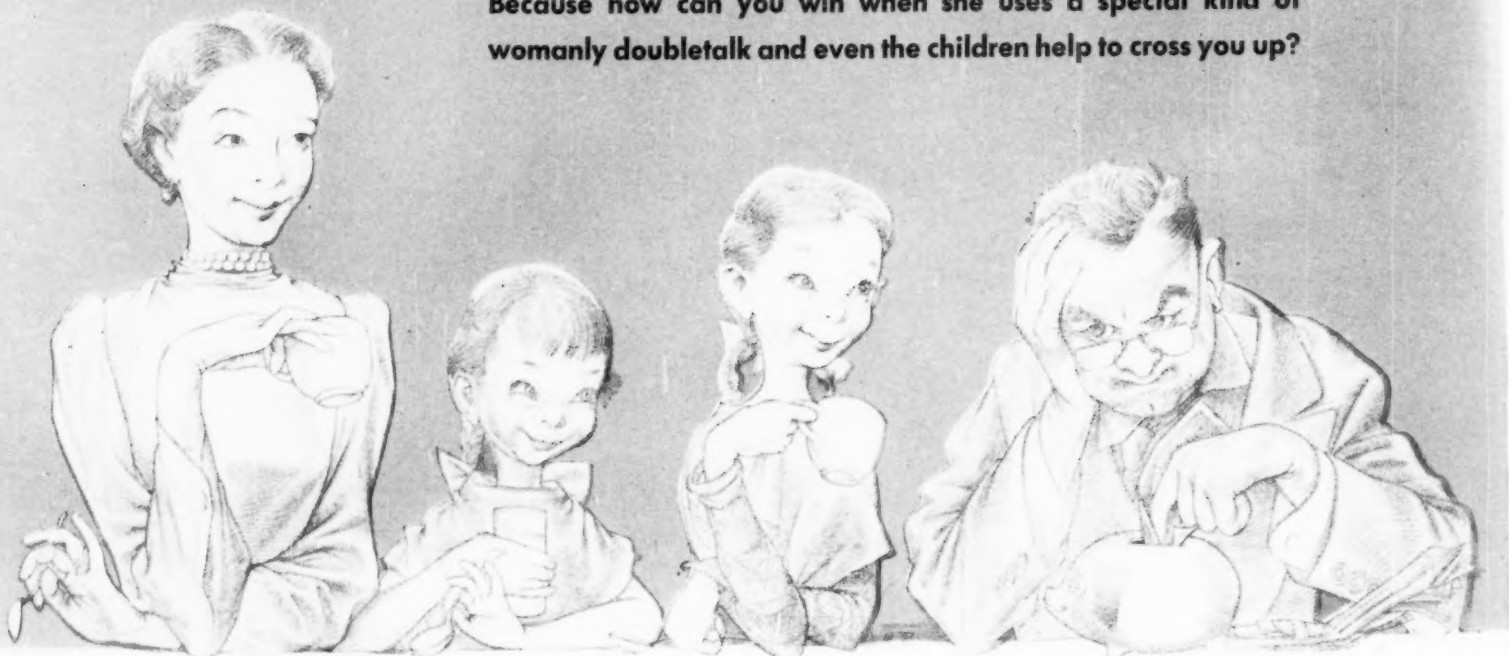


From a Lapland ski resort above the Arctic circle they sailed south, bound for France.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

## NEVER BET WITH YOUR WIFE

Because how can you win when she uses a special kind of womanly doubletalk and even the children help to cross you up?



DRAWING BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

**A**MONG the many trick turns of my wife's mind that still leave me walking around talking softly to the furniture is her ability to get me to make bets on things I didn't say in the first place. She wins an average of a dollar a month from me this way, which she smugly adds to the baby bonus and goes around telling her friends, "He'll never learn that when I bet I know I'm right."

I don't mind her being right. What makes me mad is her way of making me think she isn't.

We'll be sitting down having supper, softly slapping the kids and all talking at once, with someone giving a commercial about soap on the radio, and my wife will say something like, "I wish you'd turn that thing off. It's just making things worse."

"Well," I say, getting up and snapping the switch, "the only way you can get around that is with national radio. But you can't have that and get crafty every time someone asks you to buy a radio license. Last year you told the lady your name was Miller and that your radio was broken."

"What on earth has that got to do with advertising on the radio?" my wife will say.

The kids stop fighting. They know this is going to be even more fun.

"Somebody's got to pay for radio time, that's what I mean," I say. "If you don't want advertising you have to pay for the time, like the British and the BBC."

"They advertise on the BBC," my wife says.

"Yahhh, listen to her," I say, slapping the side of my face with my hand.

"You leave Mummy alone," Mary says, little

knowing that it's like sticking up for the dealer at a faro game.

"Advertising on the BBC!" I yelp, my glasses glinting as I shake my head with delight. "That's a hot one."

"I'm glad you're enjoying it," my wife says, making herself blush as if she's trapped.

"The BBC gives the people advertising-free programs," I say. "It's the same idea as CBC in Canada."

"You think you're so smart, don't you?" my wife says. "Just like the time I won a quarter from you when you said the spark plugs have nothing to do with running the car."

"I did not say they had nothing to do with running the car," I say, getting mad, and thus making my first mistake. "I said they didn't run out of gas."

"That's what you said *after*," my wife says, preparing for the three-walnut trick. "Just the way you'll say later on that you didn't say that they won't take advertising on CJBC."

You've probably noticed I didn't ever say they wouldn't take advertising on CJBC. I said the BBC didn't advertise—I think. But I'm busy trying to remember whether CJBC is the CBC outlet or is a station in Los Angeles, or whether that's CBS, and anyway I can't remember whether CJBC *does* accept some advertising or not, and, for that matter, I'm getting in such a state that I'd have a hard time remembering the size of my hat. But once you start to shout and bare your teeth you have to keep it up; to suddenly start saying things like, "Well, now, just a minute till I think this over," is as bad as being wrong in the first place.

"WADDAYA WANNA BET?" I holler.

Mary and Jane go over to my wife and put their arms around her. "We're on Mummy's side," Jane says.

"Twenty-five cents," my wife says primly, "that CJBC does run advertising." She always says twenty-five cents. I don't know why she doesn't make it twenty-five bucks.

I have a feeling I'm a goner but I grab the phone book and frantically thumb through it, cursing softly, looking up the phone number of a friend of mine who works for CBC. But I know what his answer is going to be.

It is.

I pull out a handful of change, pulling my pocket inside out with it, dropping a few coins on the floor and snarling at them and kicking them under the stove.

"Oh, Daddy," Mary says. "Why do you act so silly?"

"What a poor loser," my wife says as I throw the phone book at Mary.

"SOMETIMES I THINK YOU PAY THOSE LITTLE BEASTS A COMMISSION," I shout, waving my arms menacingly.

My wife goes pale and doesn't speak another word until Betty and Charlie arrive for a rather strained evening.

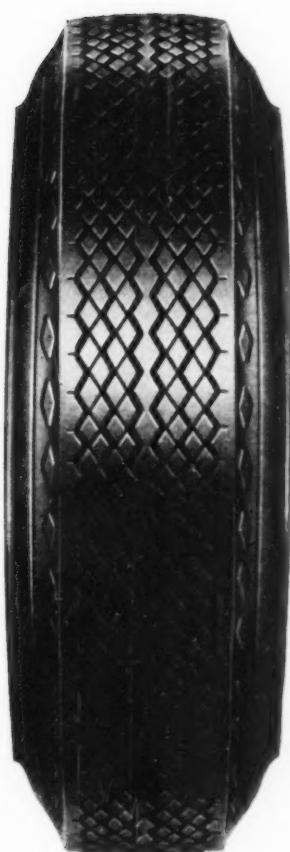
I've had frenzied searches through dictionaries, atlases, road maps, books on physics and chemistry trying to prove points to my wife, but every time I find the answer I discover I've bet on something else.

The next time one of those discussions comes up I'm just going to pick up my hat and go for a long walk. ★



# GOODYEAR ANNOUNCES THE NEW PLUS-10

# PLUS



**The only All-Nylon Cord passenger tire!**

**H**ERE, without question, is the world's finest passenger car tire! It will outlast and outperform every other tire you can buy! It is so far ahead—in safety, in long mileage, in owner satisfaction—that no other premium tire, no other passenger car tire ever made, even remotely compares with it! See this superlative new tire at your Goodyear dealer's now.

**PLUS 1**—The only passenger car tire in the world with an all-nylon cord body.

**PLUS 2**—Goodyear Heat Tempered Nylon Cords make the new Plus-10 Double Eagle one and one half to two times as strong as standard tires!

**PLUS 3**—Safety! Over 2,000,000 miles of gruelling road tests *prove* that this is the safest tire ever designed for a passenger car!

**PLUS 4**—26% more non-skid tread thickness gives up to 42% more safe mileage than standard tires.

**PLUS 5**—Sensational new Resist-a-Skid Tread, an exclusive Goodyear development, grips at all angles of skid! Quicker on the start, safer on the stop! Gives safer, surer traction on wet roads, on snow, even on ice!

**PLUS 6**—Full, safe traction for life! You never have to have this tire regrooved!

**PLUS 7**—Welcome comfort! Low-pressure, Super-Cushion ride soaks up road shocks, saves wear and tear on the car and you!

**PLUS 8**—New Scuff Rib protects white sidewalls when you scrape the curb.

**PLUS 9**—Extra beauty! Gleaming whitewall contrasts with diamond-sculptured jet black shoulders!

**PLUS 10**—Value! With all the advantages of the exclusive Resist-a-Skid Tread and the nylon cord body, this tire costs only slightly more than ordinary premium tires.

# GOODYEAR

# PLUS-10 DOUBLE EAGLE

(ADVERTISEMENT)

## Will new-type shirt end big chore for women?

Many of them are convinced it will! Today, this shirt has become a topic of conversation at bridge tables, social clubs and other places where the girls get together. Why all this enthusiasm for something that most women would ordinarily associate with the tiresome task of washing, starching and ironing? Well, here at least is something really new—shirts that don't have to be ironed and are as easy to wash as a pocket handkerchief!

They're made of Nylon Tricot and carry the label of one of the best-known names in the shirt business—B.V.D. Men find them smart and comfortable in all kinds of weather. And they're equally practical for business and social wear, with fused collar and cuffs that stay crisp and fresh right through a day of active wear.

Many holiday-makers and business travellers find the B.V.D. Nylon Tricot provides the ideal way to travel light and also solves the clean shirt problem when away from home. At night, they merely dip their B.V.D. Nylon Tricot in luke-warm suds and put it on a hanger. In the morning, it's crisp-collared . . . ready to wear without the touch of an iron.

A B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirt will outwear an old-style shirt several times over—and the money it saves in laundry bills will soon cover the outlay of \$12.95. They're in the shirt colors a man likes best—blue, tan, grey and white—at most fine stores.

LA PROVINCE DU  
**QUÉBEC** CANADA



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IN  
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Write today for your free copy of this beautiful illustrated booklet. It will guide you to a truly different vacation in the picturesque, historic Province de Québec, where you will enjoy French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels.

Write today to: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

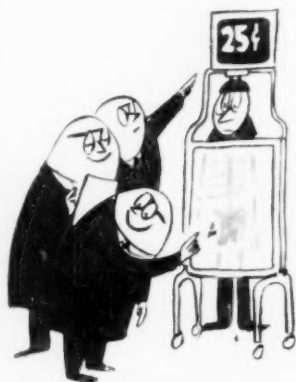
## The Income Inquisition



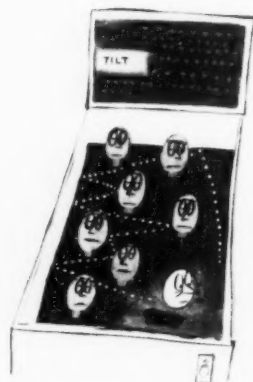
CARTOONS BY PETER WHALLEY



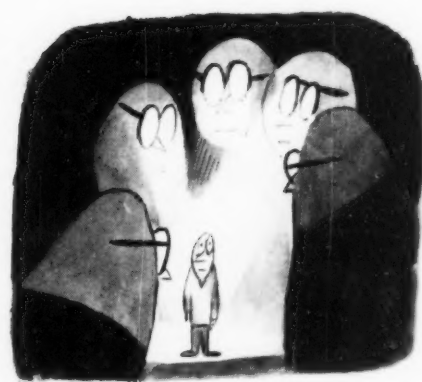
"Regulation 25, Paragraph X of the Act states in part . . ."



"A thorough investigation of your position will be made."



"Your request has been sent to the department concerned."



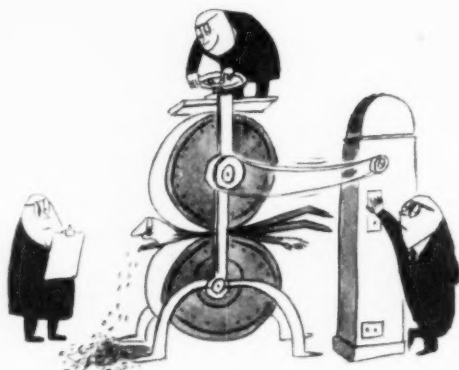
"There are certain items on your expense account . . ."



"Failure to remit within time prescribed . . ."



"We advise that payment will be deducted at source."



"Assessment, plus penalty, plus interest . . ."





# POWER FARMING MAKES CANADA A LAND OF PLENTY



**Abundant food  
for all  
Canadians**



In 1951, with modern machines, farmers cropped 9% more land with 14% less man-power than in 1941.

**Big Surplus  
of food  
for export**



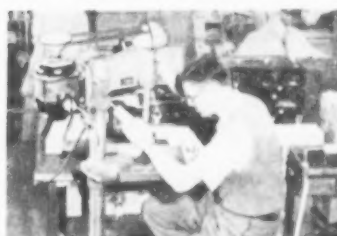
Annual exports of wheat and flour equal 100 loaves bread each for 90-million people.

**High earnings  
for Canadian  
farmers**



Estimated gross farm income for 1951 was 2 3/4 billion dollars, three times as high as in 1941.

**Keen  
farm demand  
for city goods  
and services**



Farm families are big buyers of radios, electric appliances, packaged foods, fine clothes, cosmetics, etc.

Food in abundance! Food in infinite variety! Food to tickle appetites and meet every nutritional need! It's one of the chief reasons why Canadians are a healthy, vigorous, virile people, why Canada has forged ahead to become one of the world's leading nations in total production and trade. And one of the chief reasons for Canada's food abundance, today, is the swing to power farming. There are fewer men available for farm work today than there were 10 years ago, but farm production is being maintained and increased. *Power machines multiply the output per man.*

Due to high output-per-man, farm earnings are high and farm families constitute a wide market for all types of city-made goods and services. For more than a century, Massey-Harris has been developing and building new and more efficient types of farm machines, offering Canadian farmers wider opportunities for expansion and profit.

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EVERY CANADIAN BENEFITS WHEN FARMERS ARE PROSPEROUS

# Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



**FIVE FINGERS:** A smooth, superbly acted spy story — largely based on actual events — in which an international rogue (James Mason) and a scheming countess (Danielle Darrieux) silkily betray each other as well as the British and Germans. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who did *All About Eve*.

**HERE COME THE NELSONS:** Ozzie and Harriet and their sons David and Ricky, radio headliners since 1944, finally invade the screen in a harmless corny little comedy about double jealousy.

**HIGH TREASON:** Scotland Yard and Military Intelligence go up against a gang of Communist-type saboteurs in a British drama. In spite of a noisy wind-up that is more confusing than exciting it's a fair enough yarn with a number of amusing minor characters.

**INVITATION:** Presumably intended as a "woman's picture," this is a happy-ending tear jerker about a poor little rich girl (Dorothy McGuire) who learns that she is dying and that her boyish husband (Van Johnson) married her for her money. Ruth Roman is on hand as a vengeful tigress. Rating: fair.

**JAPANESE WAR BRIDE:** A daughter of old Nippon (Shirley Yamaguchi) marries an American soldier (Don Taylor) and runs into intolerance and personal venom on his farm in California. Superficial in treatment but with some unexpectedly honest touches.

**THE OLYMPIC ELK:** A pleasant half-hour wildlife featurette, not a cartoon, presented by Walt Disney as a sequel to *Seal Island*, *Beaver Valley*, and *Nature's Half Acre*. Its predecessors, I think, were even better but this one is likewise recommendable.

**PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN:** Ava Gardner never looked lovelier, and two hours and three minutes never seemed longer, than in this pretentious semi-mystic romance. James Mason is the lover, seeking the perfect woman to redeem him from an ancient curse.

**RETURN OF THE TEXAN:** A genial little western which I found more entertaining and believable than many a major specimen.

**THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS:** Joan Crawford masterminds a holdup engineered by a psychotic gunman (David Brian). Then she reforms after a renowned eye specialist (implausibly played by dimpled Dennis Morgan) restores her dimming vision. A built-to-order Crawford "standard," probably acceptable to her regular enthusiasts.

**VIVA ZAPATA!** Writer John Steinbeck and director Elia Kazan have idealized a cruel and lusty Mexican rebel into a somewhat lazier gent than history remembers. The film, though, has a good deal of photogenic turbulence, with Marlon Brando as Zapata.

**WITH A SONG IN MY HEART:** A good musical, in Technicolor, starring Susan Hayward in the best work of her career as the real-life Jane Froman. The latter does all her own singing but never appears in the picture. Plenty of things to hum about in this one.

**THE WOODEN HORSE:** A British film, made in 1950 but still new in many parts of Canada. Derived from Eric Williams' factual novel, it narrates with finesse and restraint the ingenious escape of three English officers from a German military prison.

Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick: Rustic musical. Poor.  
An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.  
Anne of the Indies: Pirate love. Fair.  
Another Man's Poison: Drama. Poor.  
Appointment With Venus: Comedy. Good.  
Bend of the River: Jimmy Stewart in big western. Excellent.  
Bright Victory: Drama. Good.  
Browning Version: Drama. Excellent.  
Callaway Went Thataway: Satiric "western" comedy. Good.  
Calling Bulldog Drummond: Crime. Fair.  
Come Fill the Cup: Drama. Good.  
Day the Earth Stood Still: Planetary space drama. Excellent.  
Death of a Salesman: Drama. Good.  
Detective Story: Crime. Excellent.  
Distant Drums: Adventure. Fair.  
Family Secret: Drama. Fair.  
Fixed Bayonets: Korean war. Good.  
Force of Arms: Love and war. Good.  
I'll Never Forget You: Drama. Poor.  
I'll See You in My Dreams: Musical biography. Fair.  
Ivory Hunter: Adventure. Good.  
I Want You: Family drama. Fair.  
Lavender Hill Mob: Comedy. Excellent.  
The Light Touch: Comedy. Fair.  
Lone Star: Sexy western. Fair.  
Magic Face: "Hitler" drama. Poor.

Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness comedy. Excellent.  
Man With a Cloak: Mystery. Fair.  
Man With My Face: Crime. Fair.  
The Mob: Comedy-drama. Good.  
The Model and the Marriage Broker: Romantic comedy. Fair.  
My Favorite Spy: Hope farce. Good.  
On the Loose: Drama. Fair.  
People Against O'Hara: Crime. Good.  
People Will Talk: Drama. Good.  
Phone Call From a Stranger: Comedy-drama. Good.  
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.  
Quo Vadis: Bible spectacle. Good.  
Red Badge of Courage: War. Excellent.  
Red Skies of Montana: Forest-fire action drama. Fair.  
The River: India drama. Excellent.  
Room for One More: Domestic comedy-drama. Good.  
Royal Journey: Fact feature. Excellent.  
Sailor Beware: Navy farce. Poor.  
7 Days to Noon: Suspense. Excellent.  
Slaughter Trail: Ballad western. Fair.  
A Streetcar Named Desire: Drama for adults. Excellent.  
Tales of Hoffmann: Opera ballet. Good.  
Ten Tall Men: Adventure. Fair.  
Too Young to Kiss: Comedy. Good.  
The Well: Race-bias drama. Good.  
Westward the Women: Western. Fair.

## London Letter

Continued from page 4

that in 1945 and 1950 he was defeated when he went to the polls.

When the victorious Conservatives came back last October Eden's manner certainly indicated there would be no war of the Tory succession. He carried himself as the acknowledged crown prince and spoke with a new dignity.

The Eden boom was enormous. Even the socialists looked at him with affection and with fear. How would they put any fire into their Opposition once Eden was prime minister? He was so decent, so honorable, so fair, so dignified. Eden's shares stood ace high on the political stock exchange.

Nor did the Foreign Secretary merely stand and nod while Churchill was forming the Government. Eden has his own list and insisted upon certain appointments being made. But Churchill did not mind. He was the captain of the ship and knew that when she went to sea there would be only one skipper.

I am not revealing any confidences in saying that before the general election some of Eden's closest friends urged him not to become Foreign Secretary again. "Churchill will not be able to be Prime Minister and lead the House as well," they said. "You should be the Lord Privy Seal with no department, but you would be in the cabinet of course. Then you should take the job of Leader of the House and speak in such debates as you choose."

At any rate when Churchill had completed his ministerial appointments Eden went to the Foreign Office and Rab Butler was given the Treasury, while Churchill became Prime Minister and Minister of Defense. These were the Big Three on which the Tory edifice rested.

Now it is time to tell you about Rab Butler—whose nickname comes from the initials of Richard Austen Butler. He was born in India in 1902 (the son of Sir Montagu Butler) which meant that he was only a boy in the First World War. At Cambridge he won all sorts of honors and was the President of the Union, yet he was diffident and shy.

At twenty-four he married into the famous and wealthy Courtauld family whose name is woven with millions of miles of silk, and he became member of parliament for the district in which Courtaulds has one of its biggest plants. In the course of time his wife bore him three sons and a daughter. In 1932 we see him as under-secretary for India in Ramsay MacDonald's Coalition Government repelling the onslaughts of the rebel Churchill.

Later on when Eden, as Foreign Secretary, was dueling with Mussolini and Hitler our friend Rab Butler was Eden's under-secretary. Day by day he took the parliamentary onslaught of questions aimed at his chief and became known as the greatest stone-waller of all time. Nothing upset him. Nothing excited him. He was not there to score runs but merely to prevent the socialist bowler taking his wicket. Not until the war came was he given senior office. It was perhaps typical of the definite and unchangeable character of the man that with the world in eruption he became Minister of Education. What is more he proved a great Minister of Education in a period when mere survival filled the thoughts of most of us.

Then came the election of 1945 and the Conservatives were out. The tide had turned with a savage force and wise men said that it would not flow for the Tories again for twenty-five

years. The shattered Conservatives re-formed their ranks out of the few who had survived. Among the appointments was that of Butler to be the head of political research and economic policy planning in the Conservative central office.

This was just to his liking. Instead of the noisy brawling of the debating chamber he could study the trend of things as in the days when he was at Cambridge. He was still shy and made no intimate friends in parliament. But we all liked him, admired him and called him Rab, although there was a psychological barrier beyond which we did not go.

He wrote the Conservative policy for the election in 1950 and issued booklets which angered the right wing of the party. He was too "pink" for the diehards, and when we failed to win there were murmurings against him. Undeterred he worked on the policy for the next election which he knew must come in a year or so. Once more he aimed at a democracy founded on Conservative principles.

When we came back as victors it was obvious Butler would be given very high office. Many people thought that his own choice would be the Ministry of Education, where he could carry out the reforms that he had planned during the war. Instead he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, the post of equal importance to that of Foreign Secretary. He was one of the Big Three—Churchill, Eden, and Butler.

Almost at once Anthony Eden was off on his travels. No longer do ambassadors dominate the diplomatic scene. Their principal job is to meet and entertain their country's foreign minister when he journeys to Paris or Washington or, as recently, to Lisbon where he meets his opposite numbers. Days would pass in the Commons without ever a glimpse of Eden. Meantime we were engaged by day, and often into the next day without a break, fighting the vigorous socialists. And one of our constant leaders in the fight was Chancellor Butler.

But his real testing time was coming. There is one occasion when the Chancellor of the Exchequer completely dominates the scene. The budget is decided solely by the chancellor, who does not reveal his secrets to his cabinet colleagues until the morning of budget day. And then it is only a courtesy on his part.

At three-thirty in the afternoon Butler opened his budget speech. At five-thirty he sat down to such an ovation as I have seldom seen equalled in all my stormy seventeen years as a member of parliament.

A boy of fifteen could have understood everything he said: a man of the highest intelligence would have been stimulated by the clarity and audacity of the speech. The socialists were stunned by this book-loving minister who dared to say that while the casualties of life's battle should be given every care what really mattered was to encourage the men who were still on their feet.

When it was over and the House had risen in a state of great excitement I encountered Churchill in the lobby. "This is 'Tory democracy,'" he exclaimed proudly. He knew the fierce fight that would follow as soon as the socialists recovered their morale but he also knew that Butler had put back into the Conservative Party a fighting faith for the future.

That is the story of Rab Butler. In one speech he became a powerful contender for the Conservative throne when it becomes vacant. But then I warned you that the House of Commons is like a stock exchange where values are always changing. ★



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## Passport Was a Dishrag

Continued from page 23

weeks, having been hired, sight unseen, by a summer resort in Devon.

We hitchhiked to our new job and arrived at midnight to find the place shut tight. We were just trying out our newly bought sleeping bags in a hedge when a flashlight was shoved in our faces. It was the night watchman. When we told him we were the two new girls, he just chuckled. "I thought as much," he said. "No English lass

would turn up at this hour of night."

Next day we began our duties, which included shelling peas (six huge sacks to serve three hundred and fifty people at dinner), peeling potatoes and scrubbing floors. Discovering that we had come to England penniless, the boss set about finding extra work for us, at extra pay. He even lent a hand himself whenever he could find the time. He was amused the day our half-dozen suitcases turned up from Canada, and he found us auctioning off our clothes to the other hired help. We'd decided to get rid of everything but the

essentials, for forty-five-pound rucksacks were enough to lug around on our backs. The other girls seemed starved for clothes: they begged our hair ribbons and even fought over an old watch that we warned them didn't run right.

September found us hiking through Cornwall, across the moors, through Penzance and St. Ives. It was odd to be seeing places we'd known all our lives in nursery rhymes and music. We muttered the old rhyme about

As I was going to St. Ives  
I met a man with seven wives...

and hummed Gilbert and Sullivan in the proper geographical setting.

Outside London we were picked up by a wonderful little Cockney lorry driver called Joe Heather, who insisted on taking us home to his walk-up flat near the docks so that his wife could make us a good cup of tea. The number of English wives who have had to make tea for us two Canadian girls must run into the thousands. Then he took us sightseeing. We can still hear his broad accents: "Ere's Petticoat Lane" . . . "This 'ere's the Bank o' England" . . . At night he took us to the highway and pressed fruit and sandwiches into our hands.

"Whenever you're in London you've got a bed with us," he promised. We think English lorry drivers are the salt of the earth.

## Fun Is Better Shared

We wandered on to Cambridge. We liked to Stratford-on-Avon and saw The Merchant of Venice. In Leicester we suddenly remembered we knew an English girl named Peggy Cox who had waited on tables with us at Banff. Peggy had traveled alone all over England, in Canada, and over a good part of the Continent. In Canada she'd got herself a Stetson and learned dozens of cowboy songs; later, in European cafés and night spots she had put on her cowboy hat and sung for her supper. She was just back from Italy. Now here she was, settled in with her mother and three terriers in a cosy little cottage. "Hi!" she said. "You're just in time for the potato picking!" We settled in with Peggy and picked potatoes for eight hours a day for two weeks. It was the most backbreaking job we've ever had.

We moved on to Surrey. Unlike Peggy, who prefers to travel alone, we were glad we were together. Everything seems twice as much fun when there's somebody to share it with. We had arguments occasionally, and once in a while an out-and-out battle, but nothing important. We got along fine.

In Surrey we ran across an old college friend called Mike, who was running the family farm while his father worked in the city. Luckily, we timed our arrival with the departure of the cook and the maid on their fortnight vacation, and we were hired in their place. It was a beautiful big house, and for once we had soft beds and cool sheets to sleep on, but by now we'd developed a taste for sleeping outdoors and much to the astonishment of Mike and his mother, we insisted on sleeping in the hayrick.

The days passed pleasantly, the cook and the maid came back. Sitting in front of the fire one rainy morning Johnny said impulsively, "If it's cleared by morning and the sun's shining, let's go off to the Continent."

The sun was shining brightly next day as we hitched a ride to London and bought two stout army rucksacks and a couple of warm overcoats. We intended to go to the Riviera and offer our services as nursemaids, but an elderly couple who picked us up told us the Riviera season was over, and some American boys caught in the draft and returning to the U. S. said Sweden was the place to go if you wanted work. Accordingly, we turned our footsteps toward Stockholm.

We arrived three days later, on the day of King Gustav's funeral. Everything was shut tight and the city was filled with mourners. We were broke again, our shoes were worn through, we hadn't eaten for two days, and it was useless to look for a job until the next day. We walked up and down all that night to keep warm, and in the morning we remembered something

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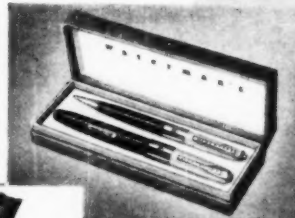
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that every hitchhiker in Europe knows: in a pinch—you can always sell your blood. We hurried over to the blood bank, sold a pint of blood each for twenty-eight kroner (five dollars), and bought ourselves a good breakfast and patches for our boots. Thus fortified, we applied for work at the back door of one of Stockholm's oldest and most famous restaurants, the Tennstøpet. We were hired as potwasher and assistant fish cleaner, with the job of peeling, scaling and cleaning hundreds of different kinds of fish, including eels, alive and dead, in icy water for twenty-five cents an hour.

We had been in England five months. We were to be in Sweden for six. We grew to love the place with its terraced lawns and magnificent mountains, so clean by day, so beautiful by night. We found a room out of town over a bakery. The proprietress, a shy lady in a big apron and kerchief, brought us coffee and pastries for breakfast every morning. Swedes are noted for their hospitality and a hostess' regard for her guests can be estimated by the number of kinds of pastries she prepares for them. When we visited a Swedish friend one day we were served eleven kinds of tarts—a high compliment.

We were living in Stockholm when Lenny got influenza. Lenny is the accident-prone member of our team. Every second day she stuck her finger into a meat-grinder, and once she took so many aspirins for a toothache that she went into a coma that lasted for hours. So when a flu epidemic hit Stockholm Lenny was about the first to get it. She was delirious for days and ran a terrifying temperature for a week. When it was all over and the fever had subsided she had lost twenty pounds and her partner was near exhaustion from working an eighteen-hour shift.

#### The Day Blondes Rule

We were in Stockholm for St. Lucia's Day, in December, when beautiful blond "Queen Lucia's" are chosen to reign over the festive season, when sweet buns and heavy red wine and gaiety are the order of the day. Our hotel gave a staff party. We attended in our shabby blue jeans and greasy aprons, amid the white-coated chefs and the neat table waitresses. . . . And we were in Stockholm for Christmas, when the city is like a fairyland of stars and lights and streamers, when bakery windows are resplendent with iced cakes in the shape of swans and litters of little suckling pigs, when street Santa Clauses sell decorative angels and tiny straw reindeer and Swedes say "Skoal!" and drain glass after glass of schnapps.

We loved Sweden so much we'd probably still be there if we hadn't heard about Riksgränsen, a skiing resort in Lapland one hundred and thirty miles north of the Arctic circle. We applied for jobs there and were accepted, so we gave our notice, collected our references as potwasher and assistant fish cleaner, and took the overnight journey by electric train to our new jobs.

Lapland is strange and wonderful. When we arrived in early spring, it was daylight there only four hours out of twenty-four: 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. By June, it was sunlight twenty-four hours a day. Riksgränsen catered to people from every country and seven different languages were officially spoken. Our jobs were over at four o'clock in the afternoon and we were free to spend the rest of the day and evening skiing with our new friends. Much of our time was spent with a twenty-seven-year-old mountain guide and skiing

instructor named Vashti, whose proudest boast was "I speak Canadiana vely well."

We met native Laplanders, learned to chew tough reindeer meat and drink thick Lapp coffee, in which the grounds are served as well as the liquid. We bought strong steel knives with handles of reindeer horn and wore them on our belts. On Lenny's birthday, both of us were given silver Lapp spoons and entertained at an all-night party by a group of Swiss, Dutch and Austrian friends.

In June when the season was over,

Vashti and a Dutch girl and we two Canadians all left together. She was returning to Holland to practice up for the Olympic games, he was returning to Norway for the mountain climbing, and we were bound south for France. We took the four-day boat trip through the fiords to Jotunheimen, where there was snow on the mountain tops. Then, overnight, we were in Oslo and the lilacs were blooming. It was all amazing and beautiful.

We didn't have any set route, but wandered as fancy took us through Sweden again, Denmark, Holland,

Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and France. We learned all sorts of things: which cities were good for jobs, which were hospitable and which were not, and, in Sweden, where to sell our coffee ration on the black market (we received twelve kroner or \$2.40 for each pound).

We grew to admire the slower pace of European life. We found kindness wherever we went. Motorists stopped at the flick of a thumb and, even if we couldn't understand each other's language (which seldom happened for most Europeans have at least a



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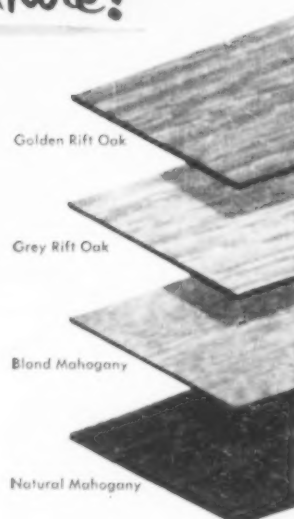
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## WIT AND WISDOM



**Catching Up**—Science now predicts a life expectancy of one hundred and thirty years. We'd better be more careful of our natural resources if posterity is going to be us. —*Calgary Herald*.

**Post Mortem**—No doubt the ultimate in futility is exemplified by a political ghost writer wrestling with a dead issue. —*Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard*.

**Modern History**—It seems that Europe has always been a jigsaw puzzle with a peace missing. —*Fort William (Ont.) Times Journal*.

**Delilah!**—Coiffure stylists have introduced the poodle hairo. This reflects the widespread notion that the world is going to the dogs. —*Kitchener-Waterloo Record*.

**Special Delivery**—An old woman handed a stamped parcel to a Post Office clerk and asked him to weigh it. He told her she had put too many stamps on it.

"Good heavens," she said, "I hope it won't go too far." —*Capital Free Press, Fredericton*.

**Remote Control**—"Boss, my wife told me to ask you for a raise."  
"Fine. I'll ask mine if I can give it to you." —*Times-Herald, Moose Jaw*.

**Not a Clue**—A girl seeking a new job told the personnel manager she had won several prizes in crossword puzzle and slogan contests.

"That sounds good," the manager said. "But we want someone who will be smart during office hours."

"Oh," said the girl. "This was in office hours." —*News Herald, Vancouver*.

**Mother's Mirror**—"Why can't you be nice and quiet like Johnny?" a mother admonished her daughter. "He isn't making a sound and there you are screaming and jumping."

"That's our game," the child said. "He's daddy coming home late and I'm you." —*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

**No Lullaby?**—Father: What are you doing out of bed, Mary Jane?

Child: I just got out to tuck myself in, Daddy. —*Canadian Observer, Sarnia, Ont.*

**Premium No Object**—An insurance company got a phone call from an excited woman. "I want to insure my house," she said. "Can I do it over the phone?"

"I'm afraid not," she was told. "We'd better send a man along."

"I've got to do it immediately," came the frantic voice. "The place is on fire." —*Peterborough (Ont.) Examiner*.

smattering of English), we found them the soul of hospitality.

In Norway a pleasant-faced man picked us up and although we didn't tell him we hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours he must have suspected it for he entered the next wayside inn, came out with half a dozen bulging bags, and drove on in silence for several miles. Then, coming to a grassy slope, he said casually, "That looks like a good spot for a picnic," and spread out before our startled eyes a feast of liver paste, fresh bread, pickles, pastry and pop.

In Holland a man whose son had been associated with the Canadian forces gave us a lift. He took us to see famous Dutch windmills, Queen Juliana's home, and various hunting clubs, before taking us to a luxurious hotel and insisting on putting us up there for the night so that we could sleep in a clean bed and have a good hot breakfast next morning. And a street cleaner in Amsterdam, in wooden shoes and shabby trousers, pressed a guilden note into our hands when he discovered we came from Canada. "Your boys liberated our country and I want to do this," he insisted.

In Germany we wandered into an inn hidden in the woods, on a rainy night. The place was filled with people who insisted on buying us a huge tray of doughnuts and seeing that our clothes were hung before the fire to dry. At the end of the evening we picked up our rucksacks and said goodnight, at which the proprietor burst out, "Don't be ridiculous. You will stay here. You can have my bed." And he slept on the floor.

The loveliest four days of our whole trip was given to us by a motorist in Switzerland, at Thunersee, near Interlaken. He insisted on lending us his beautiful summer home on the edge of the blue Swiss lake and he even arranged with a neighbor woman to bring us breakfast each morning for as long as we cared to stay.

It was getting on for July 15, Johnny's twenty-first birthday, and we'd decided we'd spend the day in Paris, even though we wouldn't be able to afford much of a celebration.

The celebration was waiting for us, for we arrived on the fourteenth—Bastille Day. All Paris was gay. In the Latin Quarter people wore paper hats, danced in the streets, blew tin horns, rode horseback. A surging mass of students carried us along with them to an all-night party where we cheered and danced and feasted and drank champagne till dawn. As Johnny says, it was the most exciting coming-of-age party any girl ever had. It was also the most glamorous of our adventures in France, for we were now quite poor again.

We soon came to know a different France—a France where there were no public toilets for women and you had to use the men's; a France where thrifty kitchen maids wiped maggots off a roast of meat and then calmly cooked it for dinner; a France where, again on account of refrigeration difficulties, people shopped for small amounts of food a couple of hours before each meal; a France where, in country areas, peasants washed their clothes in the river and drank awful-tasting wine. We once bought a bottle of wine but it made us choke and we finally washed our hands with it.

We left Paris and spent our time mostly on the Brittany and Normandy coast. Our jeans had been mended and remended with twine and denim we'd bought in England the year before. They'd been washed threadbare. Once we even boiled the seats out of them.

In late autumn we crossed back to England. The captain of our Channel

boat heard that we had worked our way through ten countries and was so delighted at our adventurous spirit that he presented us with bed and breakfast with his compliments.

We were starved for music, and happily we reached England in time to hear some of the festival music. We went to the opera, bought tickets for ballet; we even saw South Pacific with Mary Martin. To pay for all this we got jobs as early-morning "chars" and our parents would have had a good laugh if they'd seen us on our knees scrubbing steps at 5 a.m. while other chars, aged women with a lifetime of scrubbing behind them, entertained us with gruesome details of their operations. Later on we took office jobs in the London bureau of the Reader's Digest. But we found it strange and unnatural to be "ladies" again, in skirts and blouses and hats and pearl necklaces.

### Last Dollar on the Plate

We sailed for home on the Empress of Canada, early in Dec. 1951. The boat was carrying forty or fifty new Canadians to our country and they were wonderful young people, full of high spirits and hope for a new life. We had five days of good talk and singing and laughter. They particularly wanted to see snow. We guaranteed that they'd see plenty of it in Canada when we landed, but when we arrived in Saint John there was only a grey landscape lying flat and listless under a drizzle of rain.

For the first time we realized that our wonderful trip was really over. While we'd been in Europe we'd been too busy or too tired or too broke to really savor each moment. Now we realized how far away we were from the roof-top gardens of Norway, the clean-swept streets of Holland, the mountains of Sweden, the charm of coastal France, the lace-capped children of Lapland, and all the people in all the countries who had made us as welcome as if we were at home.

Then, just as suddenly, our depression lifted. We were back home in Canada. We wired our families that we were coming, shipped them our rucksacks, and hitchhiked a thousand miles to Toronto where we took a hotel room and cleaned up for the final lap of our trip home. On Dec. 16 Johnny's father answered her knock and was unable to say more than, "Oh my dear! Oh my dear!" Lenny's father did better. He took one look at his wandering daughter and called over his shoulder to his wife, "Have me anything to eat in the house, Eva? Because guess who's come home?"

Well, that's our story. We figure we made and spent about a thousand dollars each in Europe on our year-and-a-half trek. Johnny put the last dollar of our money on the collection plate at church that Sunday.

We've seen a lot. Not as much as we'd have liked to, but not bad for a first trip, and we can always take another. We'd like to choose one country and stay longer in it next time, learning the language, getting to know the people better, and getting the feel of the place more.

Right now we're saving up for Alaska. If we work hard and save we figure we'll have enough money to buy two motorbikes, or maybe an old automobile. They say that we could easily get jobs in Alaska, but that we'd have to guarantee to stay a year. We'd rather do it our way—just get ourselves there, take our chances at employment, and move on when we're tired of it.

By the time you read this we'll be on our way. ★



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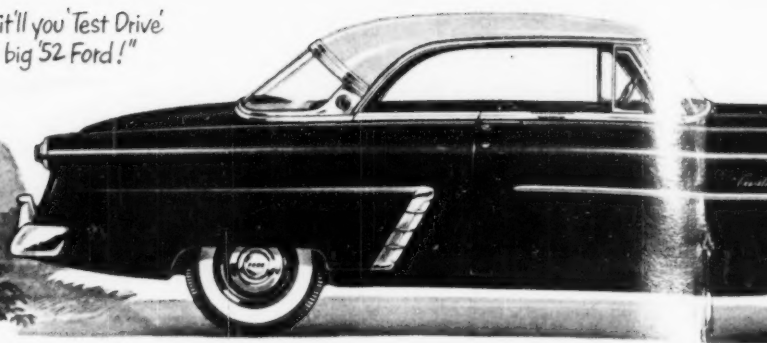
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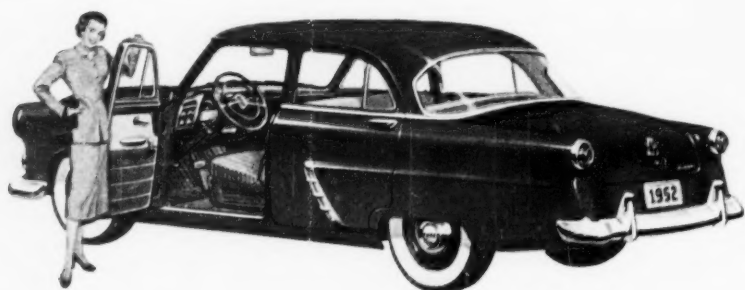


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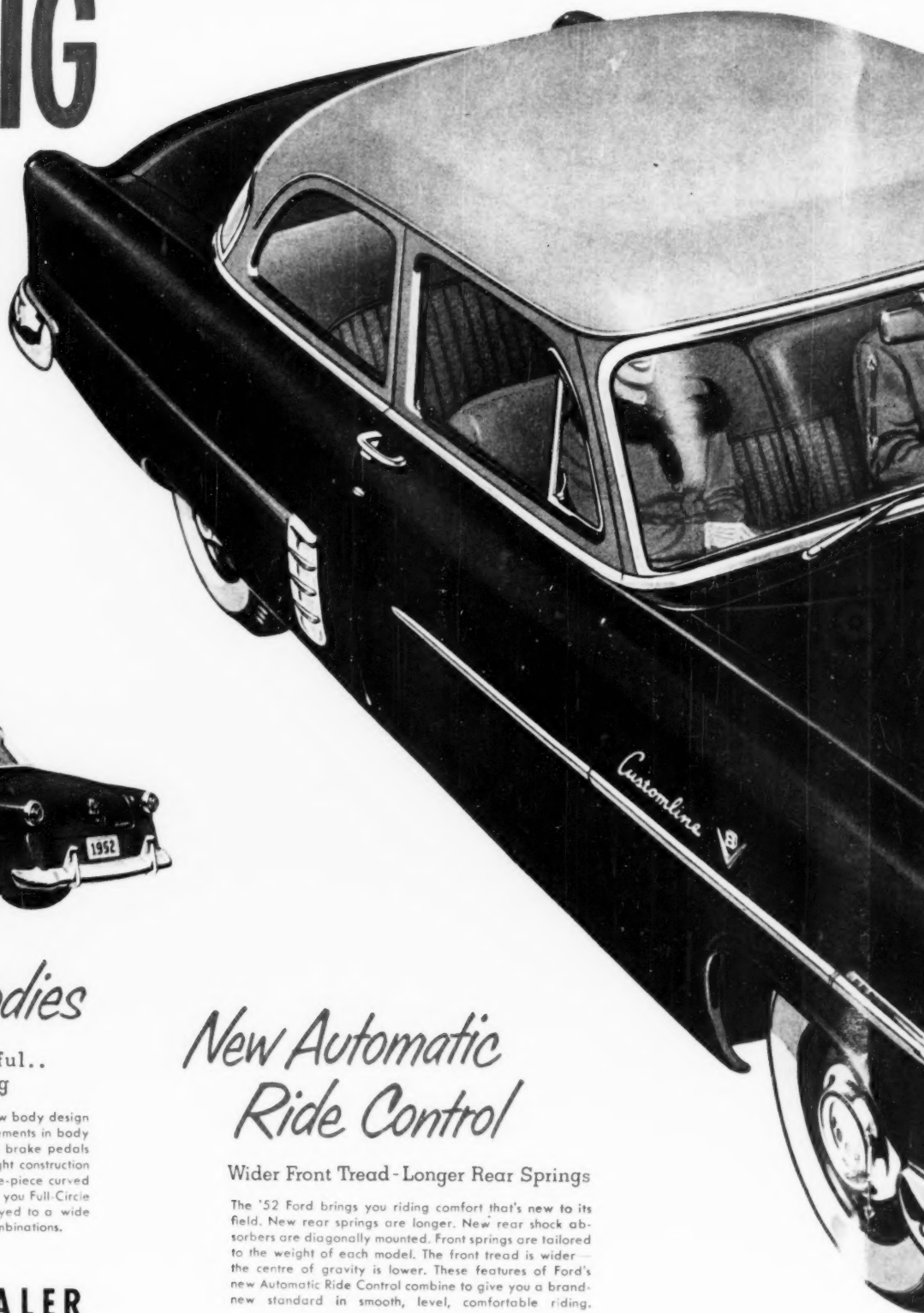


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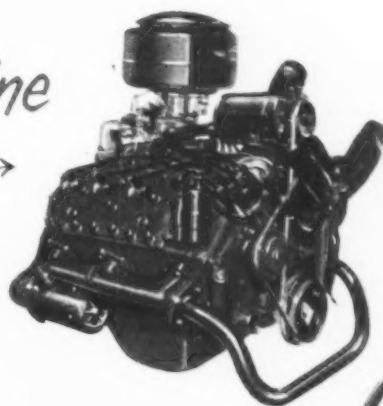


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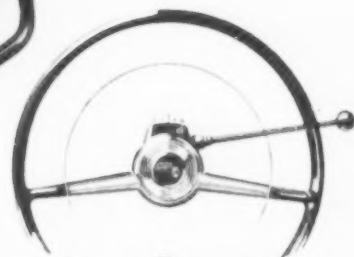
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# Confederation Life Association

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

## Hero of the Hunted Men

*Continued from page 21*

by disillusionment. From their cellars they designed a new resistance movement, implacably anti-German and implacably anti-Russian—the Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council. A political wing (OUN) was to concentrate on propagandist activity. A military force (UPA) was to strike the Germans in the back. This framework is still in existence today.

While Stetzko languished in captivity two hundred thousand UPA fighting men forced Germany to divert whole divisions from the Red Front. Moscow, who was later to turn her guns on UPA, pretended it was a Communist guerrilla force. But Uzbeks, Georgians, Armenians, Tartars and other racial strains flocked to the UPA banner, some furtively and on foot. On Nov. 21, 1943, in UPA-held territory, representatives of these many races held a conference and drew up a platform of common aims. This was the birth of ABN.

In the spring of 1944, hard pressed by the Russians, the Nazis approached Stetzko and offered him liberty if he would persuade the Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council to bring its forces over to the German side. He rejected the offer.

As the Germans fell back the UPA laid low. When the Russians had won control, UPA attacked their rear. Their strategy was to make such a show of strength that the Western powers would acknowledge their national aspirations at subsequent peace conferences. But this was not to be.

As the Red Army neared Berlin, Stetzko's jailers fled. Stetzko escaped in the confusion, but advance units of Russian intelligence who'd been ordered to grab him were on his trail. For several weeks he remained at large virtually on a battlefield, sometimes in Red Army territory, sometimes on Wehrmacht ground.

In Czechoslovakia, with the assistance of Czech patriots, he escaped in a car with the MVD close behind. Careening through a Czechoslovakian no man's land he was machine-gunned by a pursuing Russian fighter plane. The car somersaulted into the ditch. Although his left arm was riddled by bullets and his body was bruised and gashed, Stetzko ran for the woods and escaped to the American zone of Germany.

Even here he was not safe. Thousands of Ukrainians were being forcibly repatriated at Moscow's request.

Stetzko went underground and met ABN delegates who had been sent West to get a foothold outside the Iron Curtain. He was elected president of ABN in tribute to his record.

As East-West relations began to cool Stetzko poked ABN's nose above the surface. Today its propaganda unit functions openly in Munich. But its over-all headquarters still remain secret.

"The headquarters of ABN," I was told, "are wherever Yaroslav Stetzko happens to be."

With this information I left for

Germany, the cocky new Germany which demands equality in NATO, while Yaroslav Stetzko, with a still more painful irony, remains a man without a country.

First I had to go to a bomb-buckled building in Munich from which a monthly newsletter called *ABN Correspondence* is circulated in English, French and German.

Here I was interviewed by a strapping young Ukrainian woman with a blunt peasant's face and a brain as sharp as a knife. She looked me up and down, stalled for a while, and compared my letters of introduction with others ABN had received by mail announcing my impending arrival. Finally she asked me in good English where I was staying. I told her I was at the Hotel Continental. She wanted to know my room number, so I told her. She then said she would bring President Stetzko to me at my hotel at five o'clock that evening.

It struck me as being a curious arrangement, but I went back to my room to wait. At five o'clock I received a telephone call saying a young woman was asking for me in the lobby. I went downstairs to find it was the same woman, alone. She said "We are going somewhere else. It is better that Mr. Stetzko does not come here."

### What ABN Stands For

We got into a waiting taxi and drove across the city to a beer cellar. It was a large cavernous place with strong brick vaultwork. It was empty save for two men in the far corner. One of them was fragile Yaroslav Stetzko, the other, a bulky man, introduced himself as Zenon Pelensky. Stetzko spoke no English and Pelensky had come along to interpret.

Neither was well-dressed, but yet they were not shabby. They were punctiliously well-mannered and obviously men of superior intellect. Stetzko looked ill. He was deathly white and his wounded left arm seemed to stick out rigidly and painfully. We sat at one of the brightly covered tables under a yellow lampshade.

The woman was asked to leave us. Then a waiter brought coffee. During the next three hours not a single other customer entered the beer cellar, although it was a popular drinking time. Throughout the interview a husky young man lolled nonchalantly on guard at the only door. I had the impression the whole place had been rented especially for the interview or was some hideout reserved exclusively for Stetzko and his followers.

Through Pelensky I told Stetzko I wanted him to fill in some of the many gaps in my record of his career and to talk about his personal struggle for survival. Behind his glasses I saw disappointment cloud his eyes. "There is no time for that," he said. "I am nothing. The interview must be about my policy. I want Canadians to know what ABN stands for. I have two great fights. One is against Russian imperialism and the other against Western indifference."

*Continued on page 38*

### NEXT ISSUE

In an action-packed Flashback, Jack McNaught tells the story of how the little ships of the Royal Canadian Navy fought their toughest convoy assignment.

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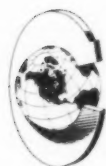
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Continued from page 36

He spoke nervously, rapidly and earnestly, pausing now and then for Pelensky to translate. He said it was important to remember first of all that ABN believes in the inevitability of World War III. If, however, the Western powers would co-operate with ABN this need not be the appalling global and atomic conflict generally predicted. Properly supported ABN could explode the Red Empire at its heart through internal revolution of the non-Russian peoples. Thus it could be localized on Russian and Eastern European soil since Stalin would have his hands too full to fight elsewhere.

It would be a sharp war, but short and merciful.

But, Stetzko added, the peoples inside the U. S. S. R. would not rise until certain of outside help. Nor would they rise until assured of racial independence after the conflict.

I asked him how effective these underground movements were today. He suggested we take as an example the biggest and most powerful movement: the Ukrainian.

At war's end the Red Army stationed so many troops in the Ukraine that tactics had to be changed. UPA brigades were broken down to nine-man sections which worked in field and factory by day and took up arms by night. Their wartime commander, Romans Klachivsky, was killed fighting the Russians. The battle of his successor, Taras Chuprynya, was against the Red Army and occasionally the Red Poles. One of his jobs was liquidating Red generals, Russian officials and quisling Ukrainians so that the holding of high office would be a precarious and unwanted honor.

Between 1944 and 1948 under Chuprynya's command UPA had liquidated, for example, the Soviet Marshal Vatutin, the Soviet General Moskalenko and the Polish General Jan Swierczewski.

UPA also fights to save Ukrainian civilians from transportation to Siberia for passive resistance. Through OUN, the political organization which had in its pay many small Russian officials, UPA often obtained lists of suspects before they could be arrested. Where possible UPA took them into hiding.

UPA soldiers also watched railroad marshaling yards for the assembly of trains about to depart for concentration or forced labor camps. If feasible they tried to blow up the trains or destroy bridges to prevent them from leaving. Several times UPA guerrillas have held up trains and released the occupants, Stetzko told me proudly.

Wounded are treated in underground hospitals, so well concealed in the forests that Red troops had often walked over them without suspicion. In 1947 one such hospital, at Chreschtschata, had been surrounded by five hundred Red Army men. Wounded and medical staff fought for hours to hold them off. When their ammunition was exhausted they killed themselves with their last rounds. One wounded man had the presence of mind to throw a hand grenade into a drum of gasoline before committing suicide, destroying all documents.

On Oct. 21, 1950, Taras Chuprynya was killed by Red Army troops during an engagement near Lvov. Ukrainians all over the world mourned his death. Few non-Communist Ukrainian organizations are without a bust or painting of him. His wife was sent to Siberia, his son put into a Soviet school for political correction.

A new field leader continues the fight under the pseudonym of Vassyl Koval. He is head of Ukrainian Resistance and is known to only three subordinates who in turn are known to

only three more, and so on down the chain of command. Koval's representative at ABN was Zenon Pelensky, the man who was interpreting for us.

I asked Stetzko about communications between ABN and the "inside." For obvious reasons he could not go into details. "It is getting more and more difficult," he said. "Frontier controls are tightening every day. Still we have a number of ingenious devices for getting through the Iron Curtain which have not yet been detected. The most difficult time to get through is the winter, when the couriers find it hard to face exposure at night. We have had a courier through from the Ukraine in three days. He was lucky. He managed to get transportation. Others, who come all the way on foot—it's nearly five hundred miles—have taken up to three months. Sometimes couriers set off in pairs, in two different directions and we never hear from them again. If they are caught they bite on a vial of poison which brings instant death."

Occasionally couriers travel in larger armed groups. If they meet resistance they shoot their way out. About eighteen months ago one group shot its way through bringing a youth who had been badly wounded in the hip. This youth is now working in Toronto. I cannot give his name because he has relatives in the Ukraine.

Most of the couriers going east memorize long drafts of information concerning political developments in the West. Some, however, carry written information and medical supplies which cannot be obtained in the Ukraine.

Stetzko said: "The nervous strain of getting through the Iron Curtain is so great that we never order a man to do it twice. If a courier is too exhausted to return once he gets here we help him to settle in Europe in North or South America or in Australia. There are several former couriers now living in Canada. Some volunteers, however, keep coming and going."

In 1948, as a propaganda measure designed to impress on the Western powers that a capable underground army really existed in the Ukraine, four hundred UPA men in uniform fought their way across Czechoslovakia to Western Germany. It was not so widely reported as Stetzko had hoped because newspapers were weary of stories about the nine million Eastern Europeans in Western Germany who, for one reason or another, had been stranded there by the receding tide of war.

### Belgians Jumped the Border

The Russians were furious and demanded their repatriation. The U. S. authorities put the Ukrainians in trucks with the supposed intention of handing them over at the Soviet border. On the way, however, the trucks halted and the American guards closed their eyes as the Ukrainians escaped. Some found their way into DP camps under assumed names. Others went back to the Ukraine as ABN couriers.

Stetzko told me ABN plays a big part in the subversion of Red Army troops in the eastern zones of Germany and Austria. He claims part of the credit for the fact that sixty thousand Red Army officers and men have deserted to the West since the end of World War II. Many agents of ABN serve in the Red Army.

"In Feb. 1950," he said, permitting himself the first trace of a tired smile, "we built a radio transmitter. We knew that unlicensed broadcasting was banned throughout Western Europe so for the sake of security we placed the transmitter in a spot where the Bel-



## ILL WINDFALL



The neolithic mists gave way  
Before the sun's increasing  
glare.

The cave man, glad that  
spring's delay  
Was past, came out to sniff  
the air.

Upon a ledge outside his lair  
He basked content, and  
later on,  
Dozing serene and unaware,  
Was eaten by a glyptodon.

Ah, then as now, for some dark  
reason,  
Too often spring was apt  
to be

A fickle disappointing  
season—  
Except to glyptodontidae.

—P. J. Blackwell

gian, Luxembourg and German frontiers converge in the Ardennes Mountains. The idea was that the operators had three alternative frontiers to jump over if the police came. The Belgian police arrived first. They didn't care about infringing frontier agreements. They jumped the border into Luxembourg, arrested the radio team and confiscated the set."

Stetzko bitterly attacked another anti-Bolshevik movement called The Council for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia whose leading personality is Alexander F. Kerensky the man who after the Russian revolution of 1917, headed the short-lived interim moderate government which preceded the Bolshevik coup. "Kerensky," said Stetzko, "wants to free Russia but retain the present frontiers under a capital in Moscow. Only by giving sovereign rights to the fourteen different ethnic groups can the back of Russian imperialism be broken."

Stetzko himself is not without his critics even among Ukrainians in exile. I reminded him of the charge that he had tried to establish his independent Ukrainian Government in 1941 with the help of Germans. Stetzko pointed with a patient shrug to his four years in a German concentration camp, but added candidly: "I have no doubt that if the Germans had recognized a free Ukraine when they marched against Russia things might have turned out differently. Certainly they would have beaten the Russians if the UPA had not stabbed them in the back. But the

Germans chose to treat my people like cattle. Hitler won the military war against Russia and lost it politically."

Stetzko's policy is regarded as too extreme by an organization called The Ukrainian Canadian Committee. Saskatoon-born G. R. B. Panchuk, MBE, a veteran officer of the Canadian Army, and now the Ukrainian Canadian Committee's European representative, had told me in London: "Stetzko is too aggressive. He is always wanting to have a fight or blow up a bridge. The reprisals against the civilian population in the Ukraine are terrible. We think it is too early yet for Ukrainians to fight. They should keep quiet until assured of help from the West."

To which Stetzko replied softly: "Only by defiance can the Ukraine be saved from serfdom. It is also vital to remember that we will not get help from the West until we have proved that we can help ourselves."

I asked Stetzko where ABN got its funds. He said from exiles of the countries represented all over the world. Still using Ukraine as the best example he said there were one million Ukrainians in the U. S.; 500,000 in Canada; 90,000 in South America; 50,000 in France; 30,000 in Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg; 25,000 in Germany; 25,000 in Australia and New Zealand; and also 20,000 in Great Britain.

Many Ukrainian political groups subscribe to central committees which support ABN. In Canada its chief sponsor is the Canadian League for Ukrainian Liberation with headquarters in Toronto.

Through these committees weekly, monthly, annual or occasional subscriptions are paid by individual Ukrainians for the support of the Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council. The Supreme Council also raises funds by bond issues, redeemable after liberation. And, of course, the proceeds of many whist drives, dances, rummage sales and theatrical shows go into the pool. Other countries in ABN also raise funds in a similar way.

Regarding the future Stetzko said ABN hopes by constant lobbying and publishing of literature to win the aid of the West. It wants rights to run its own radio station beamed on the different races in the U. S. S. R.; to train agents and drop them in the subjugated countries; to keep the resistance groups constantly assured that they are not forgotten men but allies in the fight for freedom; and to endow them with the same prestige that the French Maquis enjoyed during the last war.

### Silent Exit in the Snow

Stetzko also wants to broadcast to Siberia from Alaska to hearten untold millions in slave labor camps. He wants to send agents to the Far East to weaken the morale of Red Army troops in Manchuria, who are mostly non-Russians and therefore suitable material for ABN designs. And he wants arms for the underground partisans in all countries he leads.

The interview then came to an end. Zenon Pelensky, our interpreter, said to me in an aside: "One of these days the Western powers are going to get up and say, 'Where is this guy Stetzko? We need him!'"

The young man who had been guarding the door went upstairs first to the street. He looked around casually then beckoned Stetzko and Pelensky outside. I followed. I watched Stetzko turn a corner out of sight, his slight ailing frame butting into the wind-driven snow, his useless arm hanging stiffly from his side. ★



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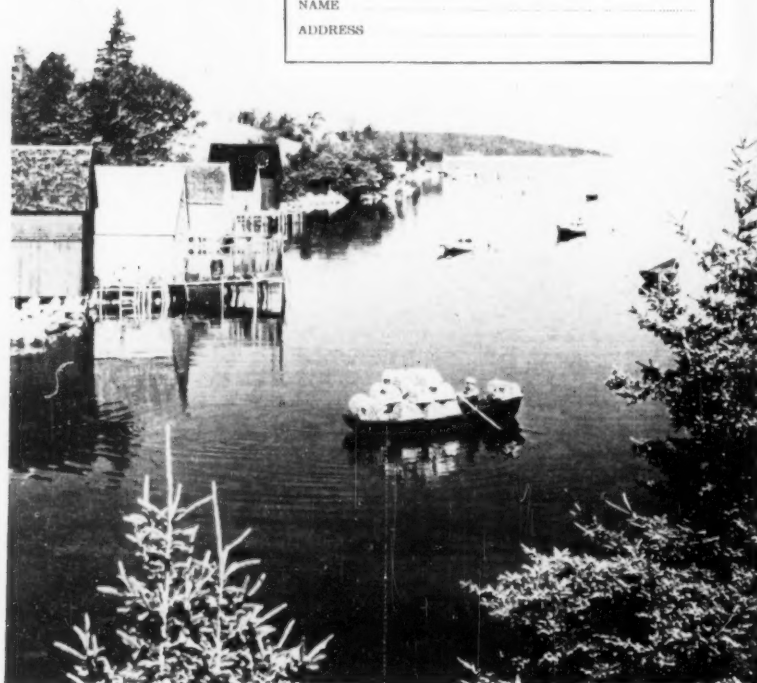
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## World's Most Famous House

*Continued from page 11*

the two-way fireplace and built-in TV. They set its price, not worrying at first about what the house will cost to build but what would be the most popular price for it. Then the Levitts usher their specialists into the pilot house and say, "Okay, boys, get the price of this one down to eight thousand." (Ten thousand in Pennsylvania.)

The sharpshooters swarm over the house, ripping it apart to find the lowest labor and material cost commensurate with good design and quality. They looked, for instance, at walled closets and designed a better open closet, closed by sliding accordion curtains of basswood laths with magnetic catches. This closet is liked better by the housewife and costs one seventh as much as conventional storage.

Three years ago Alfred Levitt thought thermopane windows would be a good sales gimmick. These double-glass panes, vacuum-sealed in bronze, insulate as well as a wall and allow huge window areas. At the time thermopane was an expensive custom feature in luxury houses. Alfred wondered if a mass order wouldn't bring the price down to near the twenty-five-cent-per-square-foot cost of an exterior wall. He went to Libby-Owens-Ford and asked them what sixty-five thousand lights of thermopane would cost, each 25 42 inches. The glass engineers, realizing that this meant a year's production for one of their plants, quoted a price under twenty-five cents per square foot. Then came five thousand Levitt houses with a window wall.

Levitt's ideas for labor saving, while distasteful to the building trade unions (he pays equivalents of union salaries but will not sign closed shop agreements), have also upset traditions in home-material manufacture.

In the paint industry, for instance, Levitt's momentum has carried one small company into the big money with a new interior paint he worked out with the firm. The inside walls of Levitt houses are sheet-rock panels with a permanent washable oil paint, impregnated into the wall a sixteenth of an inch. The finish is an expensive-looking four-tone effect of base white and flecks of three shades of blue-green. To get this job from conventional house painters would require two coats of white, followed by three applications of hand-sponged flecks by highly skilled men. Levitt puts the whole works on in one high-pressure spray. His paint consists of the white base in which are floated the color specks, each coated with an emulsion to prevent mixing. When the machine-gun sprayer blasts this liquid on a wall the emulsions burst, leaving an even pattern of flecks. Once Levitt ceases to require the entire production capacity of the paint firm this ingenious paint will be available to all.

The outside walls of my house are covered with overlapping asbestos shingles. For the Pennsylvania town Levitt has figured out how to cut the cost of hand-shingling to one eighth. With the Johns-Manville Co. the Levitts designed a huge striated shingle, eight feet by thirty-two inches. It has eight pre-cut nail holes through which the worker drives self-spreading nails. The slabs are scored with vertical grooves (or striations) and give the house a mellow textured look. When Levitt lets Johns-Manville up for a minute other contractors will be able to buy striated slabs.

Levitt makes dramatic decisions when materials go into short supply.

Early in the game lumber got tough. Levitt bought a big California mill. He sold it after lumber production picked up. One season cement disappeared. Levitt chartered a freighter and brought a shipload of cement from Germany.

All the lumber for one Levitt town house is loaded in one truck in pre-cut packages. The trucks are combat-loaded; that is, the top package is the first wood needed and the other bundles uncover in order of use. The truck driver does not have a helper. He dumps the lumber with a pulley in two minutes. Trucks move at fifty miles an hour on the construction site, for Levitt will not raise a stick until his streets are hard-paved. The mud wallows that trap other developers have no place in his timetable. He extends work throughout cold weather. Levitt's cement is mixed with anti-freeze liquid instead of water so that foundations go down and set predictably in any weather.

Levitt's first radical move was to sell before building, instead of building and speculating afterward, which requires cumbersome sales forces, advertising, and often rows of unoccupied deteriorating houses if you haven't caught buyers. Levitt's decision was dictated by his first venture of one thousand rental houses in Long Island in 1947, the nucleus of Levittown. So many applicants stormed his office that he said, "Okay, we'll build more houses for the guys on the end of the line." The decision carried his organization into ever-increasing annual programs, expanding Levittown. After sixty-five hundred rental houses he built houses for sale only. As the mass experience broadened so did planning and technique.

Levittown, Pa., begins afresh and planned, after the Topsy growth of Levittown, N.Y. In three years Levitt will build the fifteenth city of the second state of the union on five thousand acres of farmland. The one hundred and fifty houses and barns on the site have been bulldozed. Levitt's man in charge of demolition fulfilled a bad boy's dream of burning a house. He invited friends to his legal arson party.

### Dug Potatoes, Planted People

Applications for Pennsylvania houses opened ten days before Christmas 1951. Fifty thousand people arrived. Those near the counter bought two million dollars' worth of houses while those back in the crush who had reached up to receive applications couldn't get their arms down. Levitt's sales chief spent two days on a mike imploring the customers to please go away. The sales ratio indicates that all houses will be sold before the first one is occupied.

The Pennsylvania houses are the Levittowner, a \$10,000 home for defense workers, and the Country Clubber, a \$16,500 executive stash. The executive is getting an unbelievable bargain. It has been estimated his mansion might cost up to \$35,000 if all the components were not interchangeable pre-cut items of the workers' houses.

In Long Island Levitt bought suburban truck gardens, dug up the potatoes and planted people. In Pennsylvania he builds in a strictly rural area. He could not make a town without utilities. Usually a new development which overloads existing water and power is supplied by the native governments by a three-and-a-half percent bond issue for expansion. In Pennsylvania there were no existing utilities. The future home owners will inherit no bonded indebtedness, because Levitt is spending ten million dollars to build water and power plants.



## FILLET IT

Geneticist, before your skill  
I bow in awe and gratitude;  
And, knowing this, I trust you  
will  
Not cavil at my attitude,  
If I suggest that colored eggs,  
Or bovines which give milk that  
whips,  
Or turkeys with inflated legs,  
(Mendelian apocalypse),  
The fecund corn, the white-meat  
chick  
Are wonderful; but what I wish  
Is that you'd make some hor-  
mones click  
And figure out a boneless fish.

—Tom Talman

Levitt's bold financial manipulations last year by-produced a million dollars for a Philadelphia adult educational institution known as The Junto, which was founded by Benjamin Franklin two centuries ago. Last year Levitt sold four thousand and twenty-eight of his rental houses to The Junto and was retained as rent broker. The Junto undertook to pay thirty-two million dollars for the hunk of Levittown and gave a borrowed one and a half million dollars as down payment. This loan was secured by The Junto directors from Philadelphia bankers for two hundred dollars and two signatures. After one year The Junto bought a one-million-dollar office building in Philadelphia out of Levittown income.

Levittown, N.Y., is a spatterwork on the map of Long Island, Walt Whitman's "fish-shaped Paumanok." It lies where the eye of the fish would be, fifty minutes from Manhattan. The eye is blind. Levittown is not a political entity. No fewer than twenty-six separate civic and service authorities prevail. There are three post offices, five town governments, three fire districts, four school boards, five water authorities, three railheads for commuters, two city-bound parkways, and four taxpayers' associations. The town plopped itself down into the laps of native jurisdictions on all sides. They have become baby sitters for our squalling brat town.

Levittown is learning to walk, however. After loud manifestations of democracy in our hundred clubs and organizations we will be ourself pretty soon. Curiously enough the chief obstacle we will have to deal with is Levitt and Sons. Levittown is a paternalistic town. The Levitts own the big newspaper and control the town hall. Abraham Levitt, the father of whizbang William and engineer Alfred, is the reeve of our town, busy with parks and beautification. If you don't mow your lawn the patriarch threatens to mow it and bill you for it. This is probably illegal persuasion, but the old man wants the place kept neat. He writes a weekly gardening column in his house organ, the Tribune, keeping us on our toes and pushing the old lawn mower.

Paternalism is not unmixing with Levitt commercial considerations. In addition to the millions of profit in selling houses the Levitts have a huge continuing income from renting shopping centres. Property values must be kept up.

This homily of the real-estate owner governs Levitt's stubborn policy against Negroes. Levittown is the largest single

North American community without a Negro population. To turn away Negroes Levitt insists on seeing the applicant in person, and he likes you to bring your spouse in case he or she might not be of Levitt's pigmentation.

For three years the Committee to End Discrimination in Levittown has fought Levitt's Jim Crow rule on the grounds that colored Americans have the natural right to live here and, besides, the mothers on the committee would like their kids to play with all hues of children. The committee recently stopped Levitt from evicting a white family in a rental house, the Adolph Rosses, who had offended his code by having Negro kids play with theirs.

Levittown's streets were probably christened by a drunk with a dictionary. We have Bobolink Lane, Brittle Lane and Cane Lane. The addled author also stuck us with lanes named Celestial, Disc, Downhill, Dwarf, Empty, Swing, Swirl, Tinder, Tiptop and Tusk.

Although our exteriors are individual the insides of our houses are the same. When calling on a neighbor I have to stop myself from flipping on his light switch or reconnoitring his refrigerator. There are not many instances of reconnoitring one's neighbor's wife: our crime and trouble rate is low. We are too house-crazy to think of bad stuff. Well, all right, the cops did find five young women practicing the world's oldest profession in one of our houses, but we would rather tell you about our neighbors, Captain Alvin Dark of the N.Y. Giants, and Dodger Cal Abrams, who mans a local gas-station pump out of ball season.

Our houses are backwards. From the street you enter the kitchen and the window wall opens on the garden. Behind the houses very few fences have been put up—and they with apologies that toddlers have to be kept in or dogs kept out of tulips. Our solarium windows survey unbroken village greens, as sweetly unmodern as an Elizabethan common. Property lines are vague. On our common we hit croquet balls, build patios, cook on outdoor fireplaces and moot gardening lore. We are all escaped from the cells of the city and believe it is marvelous to stroll two doors down and expertize a neighbor's tomatoes. Week ends ring with hammers as pools of neighbors help a man enclose his carport, like an old-time barn-raising.

New homesteaders go house-crazy here. Extraordinary waves of fads follow the first guy to do them. Somebody strings rag pennants around his newly seeded lawn, presumably to baffle starlings, and the next day the block is aflutter with torn bedsheets. The first salesman to call sells metal housemarkers with your name and cutout pictures of galleons, prairie schooners and scotties. If your monicker is Smith the sign can't read, "John Smith." It has to say, "The Smiths," or "The Smiths, John, Jane, Joan, Jeff and Jingles." The escutcheon must testify that the marriage is going to last as long as the property values do.

Across the street we drew a neighbor whose name we never learned. We called him Showboat. The day he arrived he installed on his lawn a many-colored cast-iron zoo, starring a cast-iron boy fishing in a bird bath, attended by flamingoes, ducks, and elves. Trucks kept arriving with shrubs which Showboat planted on his seared and dying lawn. Anon, we figured Showboat. He had bought the house on speculation and was baiting it artistically for a buyer. The buyer was Toronto-born Jeff Smith, an electrical engineer, who promptly sunk Showboat's shooting gallery in Long Island Sound and replaced the taxidermy with four live kids, very easy on the eye. ★

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Arthur J. Williams, manager of the Household Finance branch office at 356 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland



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## Continued from page 17

### Started as a Caddie

When she was twelve the boys with whom she skated and skied in the winter and played softball in summer began going to the Lookout Point club to caddie. They got one dollar for eighteen holes. That was for her. Then

Marlene saved her caddie money until 1949 when she had enough to buy a set of golf clubs from Anne Sharpe, a very good Fonthill player and another of McInnes' protégés. She practiced constantly and that year entered her first tournament, the Ontario Junior, at the very exacting Toronto Ladies' course in Toronto. She was third in that event with a score of 104. In 1950 she was second, with a 90, and last year, with her first brand-new set of matched irons (she kept her old woods, of Tommy Armour model which she finds just right) she wound up her sensational season with a 76 that won the junior championship by a fourteen-stroke margin over her nearest rival.

McInnes puts her success down to three factors, "determination, enthusiasm and guts." "She'll average two hundred and twenty yards off the tee, although she can go forty yards farther, and that's plenty because she's still growing," her thirty-two-year-old instructor says. "The more she plays the more confident she'll become and

Where is she going?"

"That's all up to her," says McInnes. "As long as she doesn't get married there's no limit. Once her interests get divided she'll probably stop improving. Not that that matters, naturally; it's just whatever she wants to do."

So that's where Little Ben will be this summer — on the golf courses, wearing her sloppy joe sweaters and a tweed skirt she'd swap anytime for a pair of slacks if the tournament committees condoned them. She'll be out there under her battered black-and-white tartan cap with the red bob on the top, a cap she "borrowed" from Gordie McInnes last summer. She says she isn't superstitious about it, that it is only a coincidence she has worn it in every tournament. She'll be out there worrying about nothing except her concentration, not about her weight (she eats anything), not about school (she bears down on that all winter), not about anything in the world, except maybe if her grip is tight enough at the top of her backswing. ★



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 1, 1952

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## For Three Nights Only

Continued from page 18

you into the timeless essence of life.

The last curtain call was over and people along the row were already on their feet when Rita nudged him. He scrambled up and moved into the aisle, rather glad of the bustle and confusion. It took time to get over Maggie. Later on he would be able to pick out the tired clichés and jerry-built climaxes marring a second-rate play. But clichés were dead leaves on the vine of truth, and

when the elixir of Maggie's genius flowed into them they bloomed. And broke your heart.

The first night in the dressing room was always an ordeal. Once a year, for half a week, Maggie swept into the town and captured it, bathing him and Rita, willy-nilly, in reflected glory. The room was already filled with avid stargazers, but they made way for Rita, and he could always count on her to supply the light note. "Well you old Rock of Ages," she said, going up on tiptoe to kiss the famous cheek, "you're as potent as ever."

Maggie swept back the glorious red hair from a face undefiled by grease paint, looked down from her six inches of extra height, and tapped the end of Rita's nose. "Junior," she said, "you are a dignified mother now. You should get rid of those freckles." Then she wrapped her in a vigorous hug and observed to the crowd around, "Worst understudy I ever had. And she stole the best scene designer there ever was."

It brought the usual polite flutter in Dave's direction. After ten years in the woods he was resigned to it. The fact that he had once built sets on

Broadway seemed to rate him a little higher than an ordinary small-town architect. It would bring on a new wave of invitation-seekers for Rita's party and later on, probably, a couple of commissions.

They were an hour separating her from the multitude and when the last of the Cadillac owners had been waved away there was still Charlie Haymes, her manager. Charlie was pudgier and greyer, Dave noticed, and there was a shade more of grandmotherly solicitude in the way he barked at Maggie. You could no longer imagine a life for Charlie Haymes that didn't revolve continuously and exclusively about Maggie. Each year he stormed vainly against committing her for three days and nights to the perils of woods and water. "You can skip morning rehearsals," he conceded, "but don't let me catch you climbing any trees. You're no rubber-legged juvenile anymore."

"Climb one yourself," said Maggie cheerfully, and at last they were driving out through the hills. It was always the best hour of Maggie's visits, that first drive out in the darkness. A warm gossip communion linking the three of them again, knitting the past year onto the skein of all the other years. It was as if those endless small-hour sessions of the old days had never been interrupted; Maggie already the star, Dave the college-boy find whom Charlie Haymes had lured from an architect's drawing board, Rita the cool self-possessed little unknown whom Maggie had spotted at an audition, fallen in love with and taken in to live with her. Five shows together—and then the night in Maggie's apartment when all the plans for the sixth had finally come right. Maggie had been running through his drawings with loving approval; he had felt the glow of triumphant creation, and then, suddenly, an enormous sensation of weariness and defeat. Rita had been sitting in her usual chair, her eyes on him, toying with the latest revision of the script. He had walked across to her abruptly, taken her two hands and said, "Marry me and get me out of this."

It had never occurred to him that Rita would hesitate; and she had not. It had all seemed right then—the real pattern for their two lives. And now . . . he shrugged in the darkness as the road unwound ahead and the warm voices of the women ran on above his thoughts. Maggie couldn't help it; the old magic, the old tumults that she stirred up like recurrent fevers, were a part of her, beyond her control. The price of knowing her, and not too high a price. The breeze began to reach them from the lake and as they rounded the last turn they could see the lights of the bungalow reflected in the water.

Mrs. Potter greeted them at the doorway with her hat on and word that the children were asleep. News of Maggie's coming had been carefully withheld, to assure at least one night's rest in the three. Maggie opened her bag in the living room, fished out a dancing horse for Betsy and a fearsome atomic water pistol for Tim. She tiptoed into the bedroom to leave the toys by the children's bunks, came out, slumped gratefully into a chair and kicked off her shoes. "Home again," she said, and she meant it.

He poured drinks and they dawdled over them for fifteen minutes. Rita complained sleepily about the bushel of canapés she'd have to make for the party tomorrow. "And don't call Mrs. Hetherington Mrs. Higgins this year," she lectured Maggie. "We're still in the doghouse over it."

Maggie laughed and said, "Bed." She put an arm around Rita's shoulder and steered her on a lazy, loving tour of

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the room; her eyes roaming affectionately over the bookcases, the chairs, the new refectory table. She opened the big window looking down on the wharf, took a deep breath and closed it again. At the door of her bedroom she yawned expansively, lifted her arm from Rita's shoulders and flung it out in a sleepy, magnificent gesture that managed to take in the whole establishment. "Just think," she said, "the best set Dave Edwards ever did, and I'm playing second lead to my understudy in it."

**D**AVE woke in the morning to the sound of splashing from the wharf below. He looked out and shuddered. Maggie had just come up from a dive and was twenty yards out into the lake. Rita pushed him away from the window and leaned out. "You glamorous grampus," she yelled, "don't you know it's September?" Maggie gurgled something derisive and swam on.

By the time he had showered, shaved and collected the children, Maggie was sprawled out on the wharf, wrapped in a flannelly beach robe. She gathered Tim and Betsy to her, toys and all, and there were ten minutes of rapturous commotion before Rita called, "Breakfast." The commotion went on through the meal and there was a small riot when the school bus arrived to carry the children off. Then it was time for him to leave for the office. High time. Subtle, exhilarating and dangerous, the old excitement of Maggie's presence was charging the atmosphere. Mrs. Potter, just arrived to help with the party preparations, was all eyes and thumbs and awe. Rita was edgily waving Maggie from the kitchen, protesting that she'd better relax or rehearse or do five hundred push-ups and leave the making of *canapés* to the experts. He himself could feel the old little-man complex reaching up from inside to tighten his lips. He climbed into his car with the breakfast-hour glow burned down to ashes. A small-town architect, heading for the office to work over somebody's ten-thousand-dollar cottage.

The mood stayed with him all day; it was still with him when he left the office at four o'clock to pick up Charlie Haymes. By the time they reached the house cars were already arriving. Nobody was going to be late; the seven o'clock deadline must be rigidly observed to get Maggie into town for curtain time. Rita signaled him over the heads of the early comers to go to the rescue of Mrs. Potter in the kitchen, and it was half an hour before he got into the living room.

By then the crowd was a series of concentric circles radiating from Maggie. He was drawn in, as completely, as helplessly as if he'd never seen her perform before. The fact was, she didn't perform. Maggie could save her acting for the theatre because she herself was better than any part she'd ever had or ever would have. She was wholeness; rounded, completed humanity—the dream of little lives. The earth mother, he'd called her once—giving all, needing nothing, and in the end taking the children of earth to herself. Something made him look away at last and he saw Rita across the room. Her eyes were fixed on his face, and she seemed not to notice that the stem of her wine glass had snapped. When he went to her and tried to make a fuss over the cut in her finger she turned from him brusquely. "Cheap way to steal a scene, wasn't it?" she said.

The last of the crowd was shoveled out by seven. He and Rita stayed to help Mrs. Potter with the mess while Charlie Haymes and Maggie drove in with one of the Cadillac owners. Most of the cleanup work was done by nine;

Maggie wouldn't have to be picked up till eleven-thirty. He looked in on the restless children, threatened them perfunctorily, came out and fidgeted around the living room. Rita was sorting glassware, and she looked over at him moodily. "Hurry up," she said, "and you'll catch the last act." He protested that he was tired and there was no hurry; but three quarters of an hour later he was in the theatre.

He might have been seeing her for the first time in his life and he might have known her from eternity. She was as familiar and as strange, as natural and

as startling as a new day. The rhythms of the lovely voice throbbing out through the darkness carried all the years and all the longings of man. There were tears on his cheeks—irrational, unashamed, having nothing to do with the play—when the last curtain went down. Even when the magpie clatter of the dressing room was behind them and they were driving out through the darkness, he could find no words for her. Maggie seemed to sense his mood, uncritically and without constraint. She put her head back against the seat cushion and went quietly to sleep.

Rita, sulky and harried, was stretched out in a chair when they arrived. Tim and Betsy had sprung wide awake at ten-thirty and flatly refused to close their eyes again till Maggie came home. They were peeking conspiratorially around the bedroom door now, and they made a reckless, defiant dive for her. "Take 'em in and tell 'em one of those funny and exciting stories of yours, Maggie," Rita said wearily. "They're all yours."

He and Rita sprawled silently in their chairs, studying their toes as the giggles and whispers in the bedroom

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In painting exteriors, color combinations are used to emphasize the gracious proportions and special architectural features of this small house.

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dwindled to a somnolent hush. When Maggie tiptoed out to report success he got up and started for the decanter. Rita waved a negative, and Maggie had had her two for the day. He took a stiff one himself and regretted it later, because it merely added to the tumult seething in him. As he lay awake in his bed he knew that Rita was staring up wide-eyed into the darkness too. He wanted to go to her, take her into his arms and say something comforting. But it would have to be the truth for Rita, and there was nothing comforting about the truth.

IN THE morning when he woke half an hour early, sunshine was pouring into the room, the last hot spell of the year was upon them and he felt a steamy sullen depression. Almost defiantly he got out his swimming trunks and headed down for the wharf. Maggie was there already, going through the last push-ups of her morning routine, and when she finished they dived in together and swam out side by side, almost to the middle of the lake. When they got back his arms were like lead and he could barely haul himself onto the wharf. Maggie stretched

out luxuriously on the warm planks. Her red hair, released from the cap, welled over her shoulders, drinking in the sunshine and giving it back in richer light; her breasts rose and fell evenly. "Damn it," he said with a sudden, envious chuckle, "why don't you try for the heavyweight title? You're in better condition than any of the palookas that are after it."

She laughed. "I train harder. Have to. The old girl's not getting any younger."

"You've got thirty years ahead of you. At the top."

"And then my scrapbooks." She lay quiet for a while, her eyes slitted against the sunshine. When she spoke her voice was perfectly casual. "Bill wants a divorce from me."

"Why?" He didn't feel surprise or even interest. He doubted if he had thought of Bill a dozen times since the wedding five years ago. Another promising writer whose promise hadn't matured. He had never seemed a part of Maggie.

"Oh," she sighed, and for a moment she sounded tired. "I think he feels a little like the tail of a kite. He said once that I'd made a ghost of him years ahead of his time."

He sat looking out over the water, saying nothing. Comment wouldn't help, and Maggie didn't seem to expect it. "What do you think of the play?" she asked at length.

"What's it matter? It's got you."

"The set stinks, doesn't it?"

"Yes. But it makes no difference."

She closed her eyes and he thought she was dozing, but there was a quizzical alertness in her voice when she spoke again. "Any regrets, Dave?"

He tried to make his tone ironic and deprecating. "Over what? My fling in show business?"

"You loved it."

"Puppy love."

"You'd be doing more than design sets by now. You'd be directing me if I had anything to say about it. You were born with the flair."

"But I was trained for an architect."

"There aren't three men up there today as good as you could have been."

"A broad statement."

"It's true. Whether it means anything or not, it's true."

"Well, it doesn't mean anything now."

She was musing; going back to the earlier thought. "That was the trouble between you and me, wasn't it? The sets didn't really make any difference."

"Nothing made any difference."

She laughed, quietly, easily. "I wouldn't say that. But it would have been an awful nose dive for Maggie Raven if she'd tried to beat out her understudy, and missed."

He swallowed down the constriction in his throat. "Why do you talk like that, Maggie? You never had such a thought."

"Yes," she sighed lightly, "I had the thought all right, Dave. And I still wonder about it, every time I'm here. So does Rita. Quite the little masochist Rita."

"Masochist?"

"We're both on her conscience. Did she or didn't she wreck a great career and a great love story? Each year she goes through three days of pure hell to get the answer. And never does."

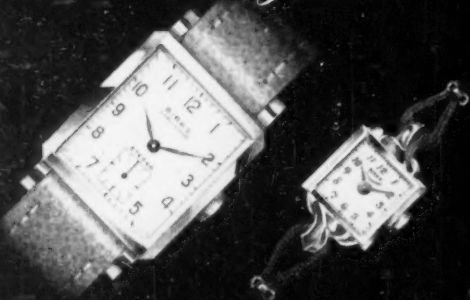
"You're an idiot, Maggie!"

"No I'm not." She swung to her feet in one lithe impatient motion, picked up her beach robe and turned toward the house. "I'm the earth mother—remember? Needing nothing from anybody. Which must make me something quite interesting biologically."

There was a matinee to be coped with and arrangements had to be discussed at the breakfast table. Rita said, "In this one-car family, gorgeous, you create problems. I think the Master had

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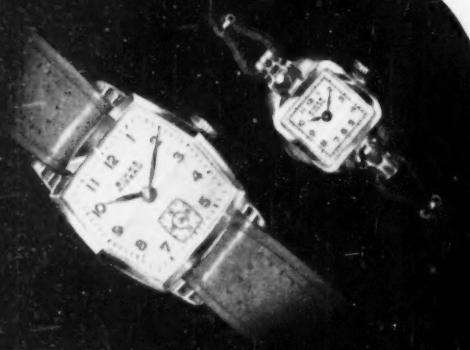


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better skip the office this morning and drive you in after lunch."

Maggie was noncommittal. The children seized opportunity by the forelock and demanded a holiday and a picnic. An hour later, after bustle over sandwiches and gear, they were chugging up the lake. Maggie had brought along a new script; she was impressed with it, and rolled off bits of the speeches to the vast delight of the children. Rita, lying back with her eyes half closed, shook her head and marveled. "The difference between you and me," she drawled sleepily, "is that in my mouth corn sounded like corn."

Maggie laughed and tossed the script onto the picnic hamper. "What do you expect? Instantaneous combustion? You only stayed around for three years."

"Long enough to find out I was no good."

Maggie ran an arm around her shoulder and squeezed. "That's a reflection on my judgment, but we won't argue. You're a very smart little wench. And it's a pity you're such a damn fool."

September was doing its glorious best; the two hours under the trees had all the magic and few of the rigors of high summer. Mosquitoes viewed them with good-natured apathy. Ants seemed busy on other concerns. Tim and Betsy, packing most of their lunches, set off to explore the woods. The three adults sprawled in the shade, reminiscing on the old days with easy affectionate nostalgia. When the children came charging back they sighed, looked at their watches and hauled themselves reluctantly to their feet. "Maggie," Rita said as they were packing up, "in the drab lives of the Edwards you are the greatest thing there is. And I'm a little slut."

Maggie looked her squarely in the eye. "You are an almost unadulterated darling, but I repeat what I said on the way up. It's a pity you're such a damn fool."

Their mood was buoyant and expansive by the time they reached the house. "Hurry up and change, both of you," he ordered, "and we'll make a party of it between shows. We'll take Charlie Haymes along."

It was agreed with alacrity. Maggie raced for her room and Rita for the telephone to get Mrs. Potter. She came back as he was tying his tie, her picnic mood faded. "No Mrs. Potter," she said. "Her sister's sick. And no time to hunt up another sitter."

Maggie protested loudly from behind her half-closed door. "There's lots of time. Dave can run me in and come out later for you." He hesitated at the thought of his piled-up desk and the long drive back and forth, but one glance at Rita's face made him hasten to confirm the arrangement. He'd look in at the office for an hour or so, phone Rita about four. She was running through her address book for sitters' names as he and Maggie hurried to the car.

It was only when they reached the theatre that he realized he couldn't face the office this afternoon. He swung the car into a parking space, took the keys from the dashboard and looked up into Maggie's enigmatic eyes. "I want to build up my resistance to you. I'll catch the first act anyway."

He stood at the back of the crowded house with Charlie Haymes, hoping that the earthy drag of the hard-boiled showman would keep his feet on the ground. Instead, both men were lifted away together. After fifteen years Charlie was still as susceptible to Maggie as a high-school kid. They looked at each other, a pair of sheepish worshippers, as the first act ended.

Because he knew he wouldn't be able to drag himself to the telephone during the final act he called Rita at intermission. "Why so early?" she asked.

"I decided to take in the show. I'm calling from the theatre."

"Oh." Her voice went suddenly flat. "Well, it's all right. There's no sitter to be had."

"You're sure?"

"Perfectly. And it doesn't matter. It's stifling even out here, and I've lost my ambition for roast beef in a hot hotel."

"Well—" his voice was uncertain.

He felt she was lying about the sitter, and he didn't care.

"Tell Maggie I'll see her in the morning," she said. "They're sending a car from the airport for her at ten." Then he heard the click of the receiver as she hung up.

He went back for the last act; gave himself to Maggie completely. He said nothing to Charlie Haymes about dinner; waited in the car, alone, for Maggie to join him. When she came out she greeted his explanation about Rita with noncommittal silence, and remained silent as they drove to the

roadhouse he had suggested for dinner. "Maggie," he said as they sat down, "did you bring that new script in with you?"

She was surprised. For Maggie, she looked even a little uncertain. "Yes," she said. "Why?"

"Will you let me have it during the show tonight?"

She leaned back and studied him, her hands flat on the table. Then she picked up the oversized menu and opened it with sudden interest. "I see," she said. "Sure you can have it."

She was very quiet during dinner,

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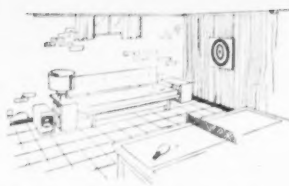
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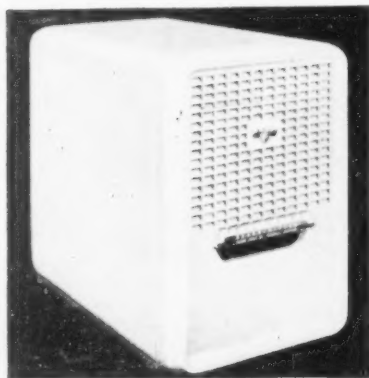
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quiet all the way back to the theatre. He didn't mind. He felt exhilarated and confident. Alone with the script in the manager's office he read and made notes, got the fundamentals clear, waited for the mood to grow up around him. He didn't hear the swelling murmur as the theatre filled, didn't hear the buzzer as the curtain went up. He had taken a pile of paper from the desk drawer and was filling the backs of the letterheads with sketches. His eyes were alight. Intermission had come and gone, the second act was well on its way when at last he folded the papers, stuffed them in his pocket and went out to stand in the back of the theatre.

Maggie was coming up to the big scene, but in a way it left him unmoved this time. He felt equal with her, poised on the same heights. He was already seeing her move as he wished her to move through the scenes sketched on the papers in his pocket. He was alive with her, flamingly alive, in the passionate labors of a new creation.

He was impatient for the play to end, impatient to be done with the dressing-room bustle and farewells. Everything had come clear for him now. He knew why it had been Rita instead of Maggie. He knew what he felt now each time Maggie was with them. Littlestness. The stifling walls of the cocoon, the bitter frustrated oblivion of one who had chosen to be little where Maggie had chosen to be great. But no choice was final while a man was alive.

He held himself to silence as they pulled away from the theatre, waited till they were out on the darkness of the highway. Then he pulled the sketches from his pocket and dropped them in her lap. "Maggie," he said, "let me do that play for you. Let me direct you."

She toyed with the papers in silence for a moment. Then she snapped on the dome light and began to study them. At last she folded them again, creasing the folds several times, and handed them back. "The touch, all right. You haven't lost a thing."

Her voice was odd and cool. She sat stiffly, her eyes on the road, for what seemed hours. Then she looked over at him. "What would it do for you, Dave?"

"I'd forgotten what it was like—fire in your brain, wings on your shoulders. I used to feel like a god watching our plays come alive. I want that feeling again."

"Our plays, Dave?"

"All right—your plays. But I gave something to them."

"Nothing that really mattered. You said so yourself."

He shrugged stubbornly. "I could have given more. You said that. And I will now. I want to go back to it, Maggie."

"With Rita and the kids?"

"They'll come."

She shook her head slowly. "No, Dave, they won't. I'd make a ghost of you as I have of Bill. Rita knows it. And so do you."

He took it in silence. She was letting him down easily. He had made his choice ten years ago and the choice was final.

They reached the house, he swung the car into the driveway and they got out. She put a hand on his arm as they stood there in the darkness. "Dave," she said—and for once the unerring voice seemed to falter on the light note—"sometimes I think I've been miscast. I haven't the tastes of a *femme fatale*. Would you do this show for any other wench on Broadway?"

"I don't know, Maggie." His own voice had become uncertain now. There was a querulous, evasive note in it. "What's the point?"

Her hand tightened on his arm. "You know the point, Dave. I've had long enough to see it working out with Bill, and Charlie Haymes, and half a dozen others. I was a nice, lively, healthy farm girl. But something else got stirred into my makeup. It reaches out to people, takes hold of them; I can bring a whole theatre full of them out of their seats with a flick of my hand. And that's fine. It's what I'm up there for. But, it also swallows men; good men—their brains, their hearts, their ambitions. They want to spend them on me, make me over into their own image of me, something a lot bigger than I am. And it's heartless thankless waste, because in the end nothing is left of their work but what's mine."

"Maggie!" He put out a hand to

her, but she caught it and drew it gently to his side. "Don't, Dave. I don't want to ham this. It always had to come, and I'm going to say it if it kills me. Why did you walk out on me ten years ago, with Rita?"

"I was in love with her."

"No you weren't. Not then. If anything, you were in love with me. But you knew you had to get out—away from all the plaster-and-canvas passions and rickety souped-up fairy tales. You had to get away from me if you were ever going to do anything real—anything of your own. And you knew Rita could help you. Well, she has. And of all the homes you've built, Dave, your own's the solidest. It's no set that you knock apart now and ship on to some other stand. You couldn't. And you don't want to."

He turned away in dull angry frustration. They came into the house. The lights were on, but the living room was empty. So were the bedrooms. Rita and the children were gone. He looked at Maggie, appalled.

She was standing by the big window, watching his face, and suddenly she laughed. "You see?" she said. Then she gestured out of the window, and he became conscious of the glow from the wharf.

Rita was down there with Tim and Betsy. The children seemed posted as an audience, and Rita was going through what he suddenly recognized as an imitation of Maggie in her big scene. Maggie had just caught on too, and she drew in her breath with a quick gasp as fragments of lines floated up to them.

It was a magnificent parody, brilliant and cruel as the forked tongues of lightning in the distance. Rita must have been drawing on her memory and making up what she lacked, but there was nothing missing from the sense of the scene, and nothing merciful. Every move was recognizable but wrong; every gesture completely authentic but wickedly underlined. Mood was overstated, cadences were just off, rhythms distorted. Every peak of the scene collapsed—with a flick of her wrist, a quiver of her voice—into bottomless inanity. Subtle as it all was, the children had got the point with the impact of a comic strip and were screaming with laughter.

"The devil!" Maggie exclaimed. "The little wicked she-devil!" She was not amused. She stalked out of the room toward the steps leading to the wharf and he followed her hastily.

They had almost reached the rim of light about the wharf when Maggie spun round on him. "What price fairy tales now?" she hissed. "Made mincemeat of me, didn't she?—with her left hand. I'll never be able to play that scene with a straight face again!"

Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed at her. Rita heard him, broke off in midsentence and burst into tears as they came onto the wharf. "I couldn't help it, Maggie. I couldn't help it! When you've got even the kids so they can't sleep I had to blow off steam somehow. I wish you'd never come here! I wish I'd never known you. I wish . . .!"

He took one masterful step across the wharf, lifted Rita in his arms and dropped her with a resounding splash into the water. Tim and Betsy screamed with panicky delight, and when Rita bubbled to the surface there were sputtering giggles mixed with her tears. He reached down and hauled her onto the wharf. Then he lifted her in his arms and held her up to the ruffled Maggie.

"Beg the lady's pardon," he said to her. "There'll be no more dramatics around here. Three days of Maggie once a year is enough." ★





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### LARGE CROUSTADE

Make an exciting supper dish, family size for Sunday night—any night—by using a good savory filling in this loaf-size bread case.



Remove all crusts from 1 small loaf of sandwich bread. From one side of loaf, carefully hollow out centre, leaving side-walls and base about  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick. Brush shell inside and out with melted butter or margarine. Place on rack in pan. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, turning occasionally, until golden and crisp—about 20 minutes.

### INDIVIDUAL CROUSTADES

Smart variation of the bread-case theme, for a ladies' luncheon—or for the children's noon meal when you can use dabs and dabs of leftovers to excellent effect.

Cut desired number of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch-thick slices of bread; cut off crusts. Carefully hollow out bread slices, leaving thin side-walls and base. Brush shells inside and out with melted butter or margarine. Place on rack in pan. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, until golden and crisp—about 10 minutes.

### TOAST BASKETS

Easy — charming — with so crisp and good a contribution to make to eating pleasure when you've added your choice of fillings.



Trim crusts from  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch-thick slices of really fresh bread. Brush slices on both sides with melted butter or margarine. Press each slice of bread into an average-sized muffin pan. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, until golden and crisp—about 10 minutes.



### PARTY CANAPÉS

Enchanting new way to make those hot piquant bites that mark you as a smart and knowledgeable hostess.

Using tiny cup-cake pans, make very small versions of Toast Baskets with rounds of bread cut with a  $\frac{2\frac{1}{2}}$ -inch cookie cutter. Fill with any piping hot savory mixture. Garnish each canapé with a slice of stuffed olive or sprig of green.

### MOCK PATTY SHELLS

Delicious as any patty shells you've eaten—and easily touched, on occasion, with one or another of the knowing flavors suggested in our "Variations".



Using a  $3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch fluted cookie cutter, cut rounds from  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch-thick slices of bread; with a  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cutter, remove centres from two-thirds of the bread rounds. Brush all pieces on both sides with melted butter or margarine. Place two rings, one above the other, on each round of bread and place on rack in pan. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, until golden and crisp—about 12 minutes. For small shells, use  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch and  $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch cutters.

**Variations** Apply these clever flavor-touches to large or small bread cases, to patty shells and canapé bases—select anything that will play up to your filling.

1. Add a touch of celery, onion or garlic salt to melted butter or margarine when making cases for certain savory fillings.

2. Add a little shredded cheese to melted butter or margarine and spread on inside and outside of bread shapes, sprinkle lightly with paprika.

3. Sprinkle tops and insides of bread shapes generously with brown sugar, after brushing with melted butter or margarine.

### SAVORY FILLINGS

Use fillings along these lines in any of the croustades, baskets or shells—not forgetting the gourmet touches under "Variations" to

make the whole combination irresistible.

Creamed seafood, suitable meats, poultry, vegetables, hard-cooked eggs, etc. Curried foods. Newburgs. A la king mixtures.

Drop raw eggs into unbaked Toast Baskets or Individual Croustades; sprinkle with salt, pepper and a few buttered crumbs. Bake in rather slow oven, 325°, until eggs are set and cases browned—about 15 minutes.

### SWEET FILLINGS

Fill Individual Croustades or Toast Baskets with fresh or well-drained canned fruit and top with whipped cream or serve with pouring cream or fruit sauce.

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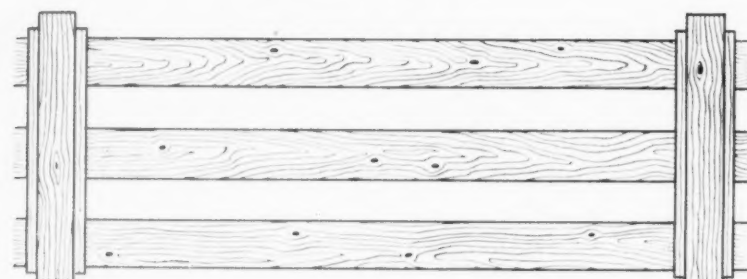
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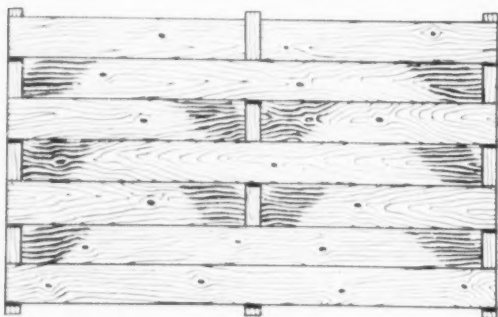


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## Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

to drop the word "Dominion" from its own constitution. Both suggestions were quietly dropped into the same wastebasket.

George Drew and his national president, George Nowlan, are both determined not to allow this kind of issue to be raised. Regardless of their private opinions on either question they know this is the way to fan racial and religious prejudice in Canada and they want no part of it.

\* \* \*

Quebec is still, of course, the weak link in the Progressive Conservative chain, and party leaders are not deluded by the rosy reports to the contrary which come in (as they have always come in) from enthusiastic organizers on the spot. They know quite well they have no chance against a popular native son like Louis St. Laurent. But they do argue that their longer-term prospects in Quebec are reasonably bright.

Paradoxically, they see their own stock rising as that of Maurice Duplessis declines.

As long as Duplessis is in power the Progressive Conservative Party is caught in an intolerable dilemma. Duplessis is indelibly unpopular among English-speaking Canadians. He typifies everything they don't like about French Canada. Any association with Duplessis, whatever good it may do the PCs in Quebec, is bound to be poison in the other provinces.

But as long as Duplessis is in power in Quebec the Progressive Conservatives have nowhere else to turn. There are some supporters of the Union Nationale who are Liberal in federal politics, but there are no Quebec Conservatives who vote anything but Union Nationale provincially. The PCs have no friends, present or potential, in Quebec who are not overshadowed by Maurice Duplessis.

If Duplessis were beaten the PCs would have some hope of acquiring what they need most in French Canada—a leader of recognized stature. They can't hope to tempt such men as Hon. Antonio Barrette, Quebec Minister of Labor, or Col. Paul Sauvé to run for George Drew when they can be Duplessis ministers instead. But if they're faced only with a choice of official Opposition they could have more fun at Ottawa.

Meanwhile Progressive Conservative organizers in Quebec are plugging ahead at the routine task of rebuilding a party machine. In 1949 they put on an impressive show and spent a lot of money, but the whole thing was improvised at the last minute after Duplessis gave his ministers and MLAs permission to enter the federal fight if they wanted to. A scant two months before the election not a single organizer had been named in a Quebec constituency, and only one PC candidate had been chosen.

Today, probably eighteen months before election day, chief organizers have already been named in fifty-six of Quebec's seventy-three ridings (there'll be seventy-five after redistribution). One of them lately demonstrated to a visiting fireman what a difference this makes. In 1950 a meeting had been called in his riding, for the same visitor, which was attended by four people, not counting the visitor. In late 1951 a meeting in the same hall drew one hundred and seventy-two people.

PCs hope and believe, too, that Quebec's attitude toward George Drew

has changed. They didn't admit it at the time but they admit now that in 1949 he was actively disliked by Quebec voters. Now, they say, he has gone into Quebec often enough to make friends. His own French has improved to the point that he can carry on conversation and not (as in 1949) merely stumble through a text written for him by someone else. PCs don't pretend that Drew is now or is likely to become a really popular figure in Quebec, but they do think he has ceased to be a serious liability.

Again they're taking the long view. Against Louis St. Laurent he wouldn't have a chance, but he might pick up a few seats, a foothold. And then, against any successor to St. Laurent, the PCs might come into their own again.

\* \* \*

Liberals will go through the next election deprived of one asset which most of them don't know they ever had. They won't have John W. Pickersgill's aid and counsel at headquarters. After fifteen years as the assistant and confidential adviser of two prime ministers, Pickersgill moves next month into the political neutrality of the Privy Council Office, where he will succeed Norman Robertson as Clerk of the Privy Council and Secretary of the Cabinet.

This was by far the most interesting appointment in the diplomatic shuffle which is now going into effect. Most people in Ottawa knew that Arnold Heeney was going abroad, and many knew that Dana Wilgress was coming home from London to replace him as Under-Secretary of External Affairs. That made it easy to guess that Norman Robertson would go back to London as High Commissioner. But the number who knew about Jack Pickersgill's move was very small indeed, and it left Ottawa flabbergasted.

Pickersgill has a lively distaste for publicity; not many people outside Ottawa and Winnipeg, where he grew up, have ever heard of him. Actually he has been one of the most influential men in the whole government service for at least ten years, if not longer. "Influential" is the right word—not "powerful," which is the one the Opposition would use. They view him as a kind of grey eminence, a sinister power behind the throne. In fact he was for years an underpaid overworked civil servant whose job with Prime Minister Mackenzie King would have driven most men crazy.

His influence on government policy depended wholly on his advice, which was consistently astute. Pickersgill learned his politics at the feet of the old master, Mackenzie King, who never had an apter pupil. He loves politics and is a connoisseur of politicians, whom he regards with vast amusement and affection. That's what made his new appointment so astonishing—the Clerk of the Privy Council may not be active in politics, and it's very difficult to imagine Jack Pickersgill being inactive.

Pickersgill himself doesn't discuss it, but his friends think one explanation may be the age of Prime Minister St. Laurent. It's expected that the Prime Minister will lead his party in one more general-election campaign, but even that may not happen: in any event retirement is not far off for a man in his seventy-first year. And Pickersgill could not serve in his present role with any successor—not because he doesn't get on well with them, but because he has been senior to them for too many years in the invisible hierarchy of real authority. For him to play the role of junior, at this late date, would simply be embarrassing. ★





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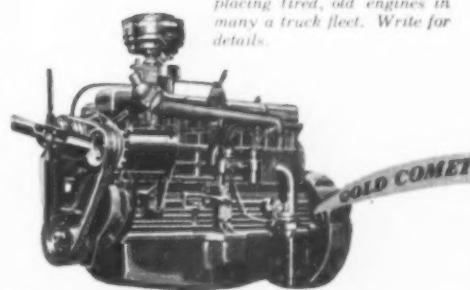


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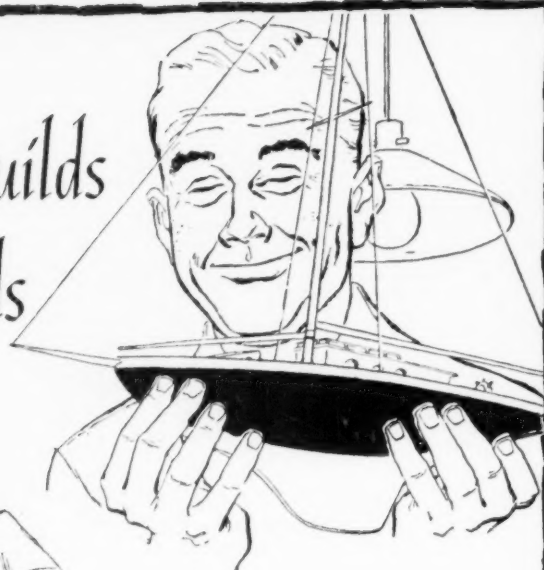
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## Biggest Man on the Biggest Campus

*Continued from page 9*

humor wouldn't be understood. Smith seldom beams at strange students, even co-eds, on the infrequent days he walks the few blocks from home to office.

The wonder is that he has time to beam at anyone. He is in his office late at night nearly every night, Saturdays and Sundays included. He and the registrar, Joe Evans, spend five Saturday afternoons every spring just signing diplomas. In addition he is in demand to open art exhibits and address scholarly audiences, such as the Royal Canadian Institute; it takes him two months of steady work to prepare his annual report to the board of governors; every day is spent placating, soothing, integrating aggrieved heads of faculties who have space problems, irate heads of federated colleges who feel their rights are abused, professors miffed at some action of a colleague. Smith is a marvellous mediator, sincerely devoted to peace and good relations, and his memory for statistics makes him a perambulating filing cabinet capable of solving a difficult kink in the budget while standing in a garden drinking tea.

His retentive mind shows to its greatest advantage in his total recall of names. He and his wife taught themselves the art when they moved to Winnipeg where they had to meet hundreds of strangers in their first few weeks. Smith became so skilled at this form of flattery that he once stood in a receiving line, shook hands with two hundred people and called most of them by name at the ensuing function.

"I don't know how I did it," he muses. "I just had to, that's all. My biggest trouble was in remembering whether the people had a son or a daughter when I was asking after the children. I used to wish it was permissible to say 'How is it getting along?'"

Smith's career has brought him from a rocky farm off Cape Breton to the presidency of the biggest university in the country, greeter of dignitaries like Queen Elizabeth II, General Ike Eisenhower and Anthony Eden, and guardian of two hundred and twenty-six buildings worth sixty million dollars.

The fourth child of a farmer, he was slated for the ministry. His school-teacher mother used to read to him from such highly moral classics as *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"I can recall yet how upset I used to be that Christian would never get

out of the Slough of Despond," Smith recalls. "I used to worry about it, I really would."

He was ready for college when he was still in short pants, aged fourteen. His mother prevailed upon his father to sell the farm and move to Windsor, N.S., so young Sidney could attend King's College, Dalhousie University.

Smith worked in a store Saturday nights and on survey crews all summer. In 1915 at the age of eighteen he graduated, enlisted and went overseas as a gunner.

The regiment in which he served was composed of hard-bitten veterans of a decade of British Empire campaigns and they shocked the Methodist boy speechless with tales of life in Hong Kong and Calcutta. Smith loves to tell people that he held his own in the army. "I went in a gunner and I came out a gunner," he observes, with a grin.

The life of a minister seemed impossible to him when he got back to Windsor, but he was impressed with the colorful personality of a Windsor jurist, Judge Sangster, and decided to try law. He enrolled in the three-year law course at Dalhousie, along with such distinguished Canadians as James Hsley and Angus Macdonald, now premier of Nova Scotia, and received his bachelor of law degree (LL.B.) almost simultaneously with an M.A. from King's College.

He was a teacher's dream of a student, diligent, alert, curious, full of zest for the obscure intricacies which are the root of law. Dean D. A. McRae of Dalhousie's law faculty never forgot his star pupil and when he encountered Smith discouraged after a poor year of practicing he advised him to go to Harvard to take a course there that would fit him for teaching. Smith borrowed the tuition fees and left at once. When he returned Dean McRae hired him as a lecturer and a year later made him an assistant professor. Smith was embarked on his academic career.

Smith, the university president, is often appalled at the deeds of the younger generation, but Smith the assistant professor was not without dash. One afternoon, while cycling down the halls of Dalhousie University, he very nearly ran over his president who is reported to have remarked testily "I wish that fellow Smith would grow up."

When Dean McRae left Dalhousie for Toronto's important law school, Osgoode Hall, he lost no time in bringing his protégé after him. Smith left Osgoode in 1929 to become Dean of the Faculty of Law at Dalhousie

*Continued on page 54*

## THE ISOLATIONISTS

Let the tall trees and bright untrampled ground  
Become our island, far removed from fear;  
As Crusoe, I shall wait no rescue ship,  
As Friday, you will have no need of spear.

Let the winds bear their heavy weight of sighs  
From drowning men who lie along our shore,  
We shall not go beyond our prudent gate,  
Nor open wide our caution-bolted door.

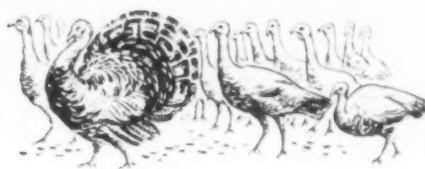
And should the world of agonized revolt  
Come too close to our small complacent isle,  
We shall set apathy atop our highest tree  
To telescope the thinness of his smile.

—LEA ABERNATHY



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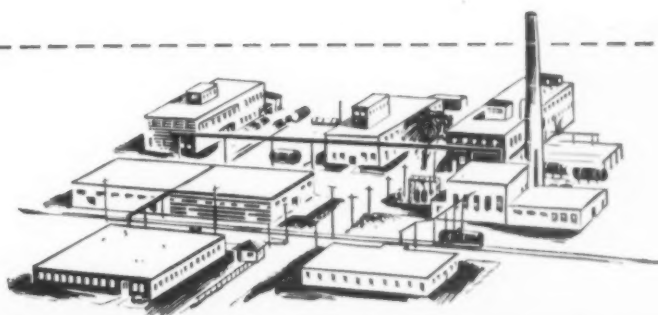
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Continued from page 52

University. He was then thirty-two, and under him the enrollment at Dalhousie doubled, in spite of the depression.

Smith once cited his outstanding accomplishment as hard work. "That sounds like a mouthful, but I'm not bragging. It is true. Hard work can do a lot for anyone."

He had married his first year at Osgoode a beautiful bank secretary, Harriet Rand, known as Hallie, and during his term as dean they had two daughters, Sheila and Moyra. Dean Smith found time to help write two law handbooks. (He had already written one at Osgoode.)

In addition to these responsibilities he managed to hold down eight executive positions on various societies (such as the Conference of Commissioners of Uniformity of Legislation in Canada) and get in some fishing as well.

Dr. E. H. Coleman, present Canadian Ambassador to Brazil, was then secretary of the Canadian Bar Association and he was struck by this young dynamo. His brother, D. C. Coleman, was then chairman of the board of governors of the University of Manitoba and was in dire need of a dynamo, first class. Dr. Coleman suggested Smith.

Smith was thunderstruck when Coleman phoned to say he was being considered for the job. Coleman said he'd send Smith his railway transportation to Vancouver. Dean Smith traveled four thousand miles, sat down at a luncheon table with Coleman, talked twenty minutes and was hired.

Smith was to inherit the biggest mess in Canadian university history. A former official of the University of Manitoba had embezzled almost a million dollars, leaving the institution on the brink of disaster. Canada's youngest university president began on the right foot with an inspired statement: "I am not taking with me any educational policy designed in Halifax for Manitoba."

## Smith and the Tories

His changes on the campus were textbooks in modern university administration. He prevailed upon the government to provide financing for a faculty of education for the advanced teaching of teachers; the business community of Winnipeg found itself supporting a course leading to a bachelor of commerce degree; the Junior League sponsored courses in social work; and the Manitoba government helped with a school of nursing. Short evening courses in history and public administration were open to the public.

Smith got the government's grant to the university increased and went after private contributions to build up a new endowment fund for scholarships. He tried to get the board of governors to establish a chair in mining engineering but this was the one battle he lost.

His success became nationally known and the Conservative Party brought him to Toronto to address important groups to test his appeal. It began to be rumored that the party, then in need of a popular leader, was considering the Maritimer who had dazzled the west. In December 1942 Smith



"Where the devil have you been?  
We've looked high and low for you."

was persuaded to enter his name in the nomination convention in Winnipeg to choose the future leader of what was to be the Progressive Conservative Party. Smith made one reservation: If John Bracken, then Premier of Manitoba, decided to run he wanted his name withdrawn.

Five minutes before the deadline for nominations, friends were at Bracken's home, seven minutes away from the convention, trying to persuade him to stand. He suddenly agreed and was rushed to the meeting through red lights, making it with only forty seconds to spare. Smith, who was waiting for his turn to be introduced from the platform, silently took his seat in the audience.

"I couldn't jeopardize the university, which was after all a state university underwritten by the government, by standing against the head of the government," he explained. There is little doubt he would have been selected if Bracken hadn't rocketed through the red lights.

The following year Smith helped draft a new policy for the party. Since then he has stayed away from politics with rare exception. Once he made a speech to the graduating class of the Ontario Agricultural College rebuking Mike Pearson for suggesting Canada can't be expected always to echo United States policy. Smith scolded Pearson for his "adolescence." Since this was the same criticism voiced by Opposition Leader George Drew on the floor of the House of Commons, the Liberal papers rapped him soundly.

Because Smith would have been such a formidable foe for George Drew's hope to be leader of the Progressive Conservatives, it is commonly supposed that Drew was instrumental in bringing him to the University of Toronto where he would be in political limbo. This is possible in theory because the board of governors of the university is appointed by the Ontario cabinet in council. At the time of the Smith appointment it was heavily stocked with Progressive Conservatives, and still is.

Smith is aghast at such charges. He points out that he was first appointed principal of University College, an appointment recommended and approved by the then president Cody. "As a matter of fact Drew never knew about it until the appointment had been made," insists Smith. "Someone thought they had better go and tell him and that was the first he heard of it."

Smith hasn't let his politics show for several years, but he is still the most newsworthy university professor in the country. His annual reports to the board of governors crackle with good quotes, the most recent of which is scathing comment on the amount of English grammar within the grasp of university freshmen (sixty-five percent failed a grammar test) and their slipping scholastic standards (thirty to

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forty per cent drop out in their first or second years).

In the past he has looked an annual meeting of the Academy of Dentistry in the eye and told them: "Professional schools turn out skilful technicians but few leading citizens."

He also suggested a year of "national service training" between high school and college to educate students in civil and military life. He was lashed for this by unions who suspected him of putting out feelers for compulsory military service.

He once observed that he didn't believe the hairbrush was an outmoded method of discipline—when the Institute of Child Study on his campus has spent twenty-five years begging parents not to strike their young.

His latest time bomb was a suggestion that high-school teachers weed out students unsuited for university work—the crammers and those incapable of independent thinking—in order to save the university expense. He thought it could be done with "secret reports" and educators and parents joined in a shrieking chorus of dismay.

### The Anatomy of the Rabbit

Smith the educator may not command universal admiration but Smith the administrator comes inhumanly close. The university's financing is a gateway to a padded cell. The Extension courses, which offer adults a range of eighty-eight subjects ranging from Public Speaking to Geriatrics, has had as many as fourteen thousand register for evening instruction and has always shown a small profit in spite of the low fees, which average ten dollars.

The University of Toronto Press publishes a few of the textbooks used on the campus, a selection of eight academic journals such as the Canadian Historical Review—none of which earn the Press a penny—and upward of twenty-eight books which might otherwise never leave the manuscript form, such as, A Laboratory Guide to the Anatomy of the Rabbit. The Press, because of its sales to libraries, scholars, scientific societies, is one of the two great money-makers on the campus and last year showed a profit of forty-five thousand dollars, which was put into the deficits of the School of Hygiene and the Faculty of Medicine.

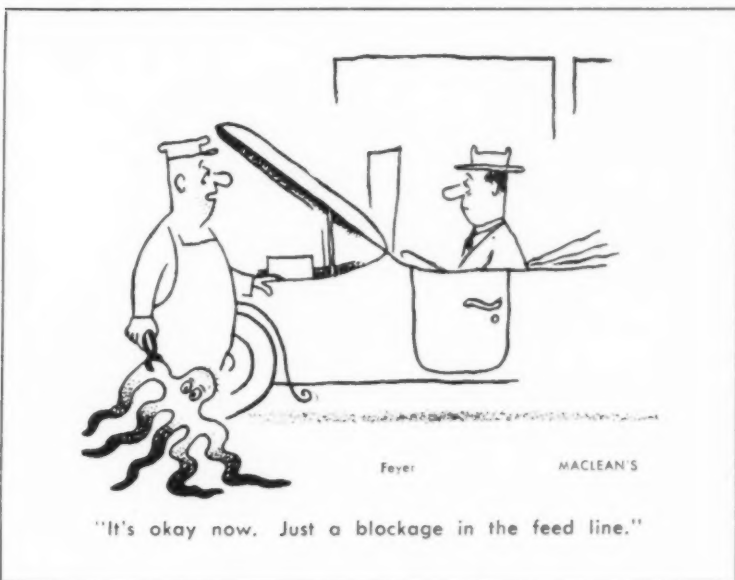
The other money-maker at the university is the Connaught Laboratories which produce nearly all the penicillin and whooping-cough, diphtheria and tetanus toxoid used in this country. In spite of the howls of professional pharmaceutical houses the

handsome profits of Connaught Laboratories are tax-free and can be plowed back into the university. This is fortunate for the university because this just about ends the list of profitable enterprises. The rest of the vast empire Sidney Smith rules is run at a dead loss. The average student at the University of Toronto costs his parents a little more than a thousand dollars a year: the provincial government puts in another thousand and the revenue from the university's investments and other private grants makes up another thousand. Every one of the fifty showy buildings on the campus is a gift.

An axiom of university budgets is that one third of the revenue must come from students' fees, one third from such university properties as Connaught Laboratories, private grants from individuals and income from university's investments and the final third from the government. Since the University of Toronto is underwritten by the province of Ontario to an extent this year of better than four million dollars, there is never a possibility that it might fail. Toronto can only wonder how such private universities as McGill in Montreal, which gets a government grant of less than five percent of its budget, can survive.

Some relief arrived a few weeks ago, an indirect gift from the University of Toronto's chancellor, Governor-General Vincent Massey whose Royal Commission report recommended federal aid to universities. This was the first recommendation enacted. With its eight hundred thousand dollars—the largest of the grants—Varsity was able to add cost-of-living bonuses to all salaries and double its expenditures for current books for the library.

In the core of this glittering nightmare stands Sidney Smith, smiling benignly and balancing the budget on one finger. He spends little time with his charming wife; over a stretch of six weeks one winter he was home only nine evenings. He sees little of his two older daughters, though they are scholarship students at his university, and even less of his seven-year-old daughter Heather, a day pupil at Bishop Strachan School, an exclusive private school. He is provided with a fourteen-room house by the university and he has purchased some fine books for its shelves and some excellent recordings of operas, of which he is fond, for his record player; but he is seldom home. As one of his bright young men once remarked: "President of the university? You can have that one. No one could handle that job and still smile—except Sidney Smith." ★



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## Billy Sunday of the Birds

Continued from page 13

of sex or age—important data in the scientific management of waterfowl, for females and yearlings have higher mortality than males and adults.

But Miner responded with characteristic wrath. "You young whipper-snappers just out of college who never banded a goose in your lives sit in your offices and tell me how it should be done," he fumed. He won an easy decision and kept right on banding his own way.

About 1930 Sir Charles Tennant, a British steamship-line official, was visiting Miner. Tennant suggested that twenty-five geese be marked with special bands, then he would transport them free to England and liberate them there. The aim was to see if any would return across the Atlantic. Miner was speaking in Ottawa the next week and he outlined the experiment to government biologists. He was refused permission flatly: After America's tragic experience with the English sparrow and European starling biologists have learned that a species beneficial in its native country frequently becomes a pest elsewhere. But Miner regarded the refusal as a meddling interference. What went on that morning between Miner and wildlife officials has never been revealed, but Miner said he was "terribly insulted." This time he didn't have his way. Three times afterward he was a guest of Mackenzie King, but he never entered the parliament buildings or any federal government office again.

Miner spent only three months in school and always felt that his inability to read except with difficulty had saved him from becoming "one of them book-educated fools." His knowledge of reading and writing was very limited until he was thirty-three. He probably wrote the word "banded" a thousand times in connection with his birdbanding activities yet his record book shows that less than a week before he died he was still spelling it "bandid."

### Taming Geese For Gunners

He refused to admit that university-trained "armchair theorists" could teach him anything. But he had a way of quietly following the advice of experts after a face-saving interval. Some University of Toronto biologists warned him that the concentration of geese in his small ponds might result in an epidemic of parasitism or disease. They were especially worried about a parasitic intestinal fluke spread among geese by water snails. The remedy they suggested was simple—drain the ponds every summer and let the bottoms dry in the sun. Miner told the experts to go back to their books. But a year or two later he was draining the ponds as they had advised.

A major criticism Miner ignored for fifteen years was that he was needlessly taming his geese. One of his ponds was just a few yards from his home and a public road. He enjoyed showing off his geese to visitors at close range and the regular evening feeding, which brought geese in flocks of hundreds, was always conducted at this pond where spectators could gather a few yards away. The birds became accustomed to the presence of humans, lost their instinctive wariness, then, when they left the protection of Miner's haven, hunters could knock them off as easy as chickens.

Between 1910 and 1925 Miner's sanctuary probably caused the death of more geese than it saved. Miner must have known it for it was suggested in numerous letters from hunters to

## Thought For Today

(Think It Over, Brother!)

I

Embattled strife might cease,  
And war clouds turn out sunny.  
If all men worked for peace,  
The way they work for money.

II

No fox would mourn,  
No deer would weep,  
Or stand forlorn,  
Or kindly keep  
A watch of sorrow  
In a wood,  
If men tomorrow  
WERE GONE...  
FOR GOOD!

—Martha Banning Thomas

Miner himself. Owen Griffith, Hudson's Bay Co. factor on James Bay, where hundreds of Canada geese are shot by Indians, wrote to Miner in 1916: "The Indians who killed those tagged geese said they seemed tamer than the others and came down to decoys when the rest of the flock would not."

In 1923 E. Renouf, another HBC trader, wrote: "I am rather afraid some of the birds which recourse to your sanctuary are lulled there into a greater trust in mankind than is well for their continued well-being, as undoubtedly some fall very easy victims to gunners."

Around 1925 Miner stopped feeding geese at the roadside pond and started using ponds farther back, screened from the road by trees. He built a look-out building from which visitors could watch the geese without the birds seeing them. Since then the birds have been kept in a natural wild state.

But, in spite of the fact that biologists were frequently pooh-poohing him and he was always pooh-poohing back, Jack Miner had the public of two nations behind him and he had more influence over government wildlife and hunting policies than all the biologist advisers in the country.

Occasionally that influence was misdirected into mistaken and ill-conceived causes, but often the policies for which he campaigned were sound and worth while. Thirty years ago he warned that areas around James Bay would have to be closed to hunting if the geese were to survive. Years later Ottawa followed his advice. He was instrumental in bringing about abolishment of artificial baiting to lure waterfowl for hunting. He advocated that a government committee sit down with sportsmen and naturalists each year and hear their recommendations—a plan now followed in several provinces. He condemned the practice of handing out game-warden appointments as political prizes, demanded that wardens be trained for their job, and years later he saw provinces follow this advice.

But his most vigorous campaign was one that discredited him among naturalists and biologists throughout the continent. He had an unreasoning hatred of predators, especially hawks and owls, and thirty years of scientific argument failed to change his views on a single point. The hawks and owls

Continued on page 58

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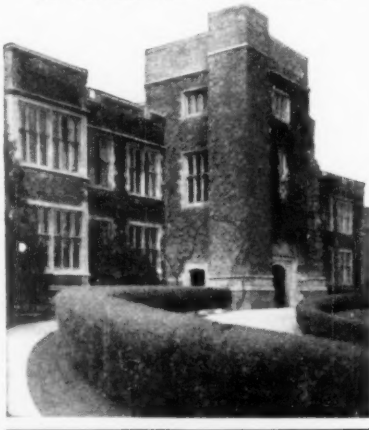
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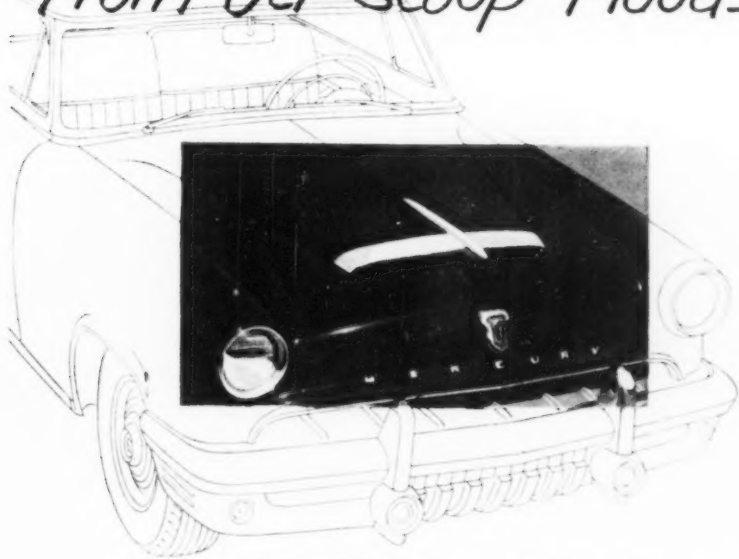
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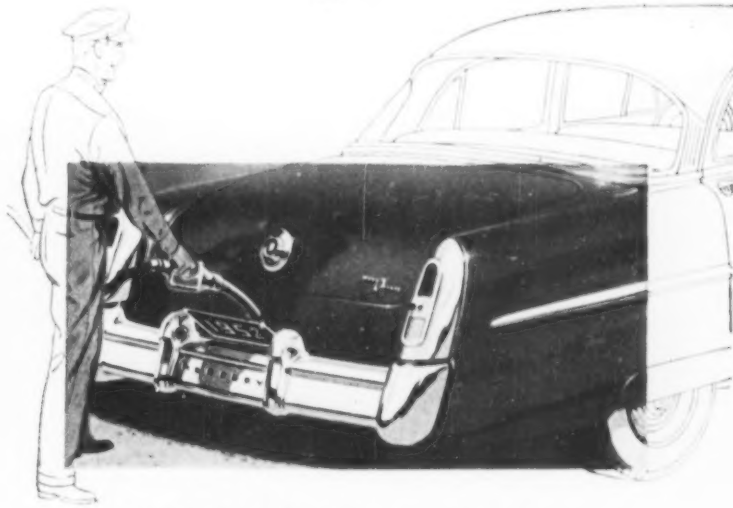
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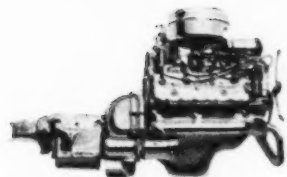


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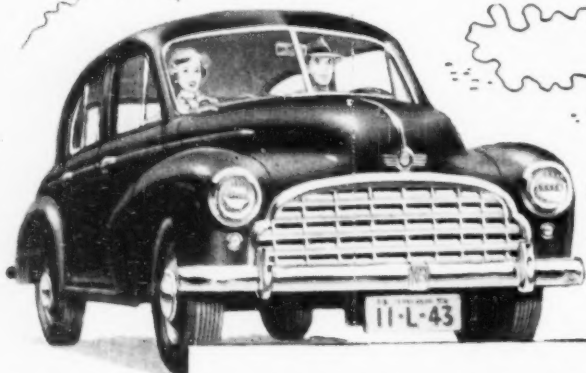
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Continued from page 56  
couldn't have had a more dangerous enemy for Miner's statements on natural history were accepted as the last word in scientific accuracy. Gunners anxious for an excuse to blast away at any large living target would walk away from Miner lectures and remember one point: "Jack Miner says shoot the hawks and owls."

There are about fifty species of hawks and owls in North America. Thousands have been shot in all localities and all seasons and their eating preferences determined by scientific analyses of stomach contents. About five of the fifty prefer small birds, will frequently attack farm fowl, and are regarded as injurious to the interests of man. The remainder have been proven to be destroyers of mice and shrews, pests that cost the continent's agriculture millions of dollars each year.

Miner formed an erroneous impression of the destructiveness of hawks and owls because he insisted on basing everything on what he saw himself instead of combining his own observations with those of others. The observations of others he would have had to obtain from books and journals—and that was "book learning." The western shore of Lake Erie where Miner's sanctuary is located forms the point of a migration funnel through which a large share of the hawks of eastern North America pass in their autumn flight southward. Miner saw thousands of hawks there and insisted on believing the same numbers existed everywhere else. He used to tell audiences that "our beautiful songbirds" had decreased ninety-five percent in his lifetime but the hawks and owls which were "eating them alive" were as numerous as ever—an impossible hypothesis, for no predatory group could maintain its population on five percent of its original food supply.

Miner is suspected of having employed a bit of skulduggery in attempts to prove his point. In 1930 he sent sixty hawks he had shot to the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology for stomach analyses. Three quarters were species known to feed largely on small birds, so most had bird remains in the stomachs. One hawk had a meadow lark jammed down its throat—an obvious attempt at deception for hawks never swallow prey whole, always tear it apart and eat it bit by bit.

On this selected evidence Miner sent a release to newspapers which, in effect, condemned all hawks and owls. It was widely published. Nature lovers and scientists berated Miner in letters to editors. Nature poet Wallace Havelock Robb, who a few years before had written a poetic tribute to Miner, penned A Rebuke to Jack Miner. The Brodie Club of Toronto, a group of professional and nonprofessional scientists, published a three-thousand-word reply tearing the Miner statement apart fact by fact. B. S. Bowditch, secretary of the New Jersey Audubon Society, sent a half-column letter to leading papers in Canada and the U.S. in which he summed up:

There is deplorable danger that a lopsided conservationist may end by doing to his good name what the proverbial cow did when, having given a good pail of milk, she turned around and kicked it over.

But Jack Miner emerged as a greater public idol than ever. He called his critics "indoor naturalists," quoted Scripture in reply.

At that time Ontario had a law preventing the shooting of most hawks and owls. As a result of Miner's influence the law was scrapped. Today, after twenty years of battling by naturalists and biologists, Miner's influence is still



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ALL CANADIAN—COAST TO COAST





on the law books, for only the eagle and osprey have been returned to protection.

Miner's life story reads like something out of a schoolbook, which isn't unusual since it is in schoolbooks of Canada, the U.S., Egypt, Ethiopia, Uruguay and elsewhere.

He was born "barefooted" in a dilapidated log schoolhouse turned into a home at Dover Centre, near Cleveland, Ohio, on April 10, 1865. He was always more interested in trapping and hunting than in schooling, but when he was twelve his mother succeeded in getting him to attend a school several miles away. The young red-headed and freckled Jack went to school three months. One morning he poked a skunk out of a hole and killed it. The teacher sent him home to change into some unskunked clothing. Jack never went back.

When he was thirteen the family moved into Canada. On the horse-and-wagon trek eastward from Windsor, Jack's father, who was a devout Methodist, is said to have stopped at every town and counted the saloons. If the count went past the fingers of one hand he is recorded as saying: "This is no place for my boys." And he would give the team a smack and drive on. Forty miles from Windsor the lakeshore village of Kingsville evidently passed the saloon test, and here the Miners settled with their family of ten children.

#### When the Mothers Smoked

Jack and his older brother became professional market hunters, shooting game and selling it in Windsor and Detroit. The father had been a brick-and-tile maker in Ohio, and on his Kingsville farm, he discovered a supply of the same valuable brick clay he had had near Cleveland. The family went back to bricks and tiles.

Jack spent all his spare time hunting. In 1898 his brother was accidentally shot and killed while they were moose hunting in Quebec. About the same time two other members of the family died and Jack, previously too busy hunting to be much of a churchman, got religion. He was a devout Methodist ever afterward. He regarded booze as mankind's greatest curse, never played cards, and in 1928 he noted gloomily that the future of humanity was in dire peril "with the motherhood of the land learning to smoke cigarettes."

Miner's account of how he became a protector of waterfowl is another illustration of highly dubious reasoning from a scientific point of view, but it was a story that thrilled hundreds of audiences.

One morning before daylight in March 1903 he was out with his decoys on a corn field where Canada geese had been feeding. Just as it was turning light a flock came in view. He crawled under a blanket to hide. But two farmers appeared in a neighboring field and Miner was sure the wary birds would spot the men and shy away. However the geese flew directly over the men then came down on stiffened wings toward his decoys. But while still out of gunshot the big birds began honking in alarm, wheeled away and flew out of sight.

Miner went home in disgust. He decided that the geese had ignored the two farmers because they knew they were not enemies. But when the birds saw his own red hair protruding from beneath the blanket, they had recognized him as an enemy who had shot at them before. Probably more than Miner's red hair was involved in frightening the geese but it made a good story, and it started him thinking about the establishment of a sanctuary. If the geese could recognize an enemy that readily, he thought they would also recognize a friend.

The record isn't clear, however, whether Miner was more interested in attracting geese to protect them, or to have them around to shoot.

The next spring, 1904, Miner cleaned out one of the ponds formed by removal of clay. He bought seven wing-clipped Canada geese from a farmer who had live-trapped them illegally and put them out as decoys. Then he waited, while the Vs of wild geese passed overhead without giving his decoys a second honk. None came in 1905 . . . in 1906 . . . in 1907. When Jack went in to Kingsville small boys honked at him and flapped their arms like geese. He became known as the Old Quack, and began avoiding his neighbors to escape their ridicule.

On April 2, 1908, a flock of eleven geese flew over. The decoys honked excitedly. The wild ones circled back, arched their wings and glided down to Miner's pond. The Old Quack had succeeded.

Miner had been promising the neighbors good shooting for four years and they were soon on hand with their guns. "Let 'em settle down for a while then the ones we don't shoot will come back next spring," Miner argued. The neighbors took their guns home glumly.

Three weeks later Jack's own trigger finger was itching and he called them all back. The eleven geese were still there, growing fat on the corn Miner was putting out for them. The gunners blazed away and five geese were shot, six escaped. The six were back next morning, but Miner refused to permit any more shooting. Early in May his

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six wild geese took off for the Arctic.

On March 18, 1909, thirty-two wild geese came down to Miner's decoys. Jack called in the gunners and ten more were shot. The next March Miner had four hundred geese on his place; they shot twenty-six. On Feb. 20, 1911, the geese started arriving again more than he could count. "I didn't know there was so many geese on earth," he said. There was more shooting that year and one big gander had its wing shattered by shot. Jack patched up the wing and let it go. The gander was never able to fly again, and a companion, another gander, stayed faithfully by the wounded bird's side. The uninjured bird never left the Miner sanctuary again, refusing to abandon his flightless companion.

Jack named the pair David and Jonathan and told this touching story of bird devotion to thousands, although he rarely revealed that it all started because of shooting on a sanctuary where the geese had come to expect protection.

Miner always had a strong sentimental twist to his personality and the David and Jonathan incident was the clincher in his conversion from hunter to bird lover. He didn't allow the shooting of another goose.

He placed his first band on a bird—a black duck—in 1909. A year later the duck was shot in South Carolina, the band returned to him, and Miner recognized banding as a romantic method of tracing bird migration. A few years later he started trapping and banding geese. In 1915 he bought a Salvation Army calendar which carried numerous texts and—"God told me to begin stamping the Scripture texts on my goose bands."

Miner's "religious geese" became famous and hundreds of letters from missionaries in the Canadian north testified how Indians and Eskimos were being turned to Christianity by the birds with the messages from God. To Miner, and to most Canadians, this was far more important than the criticism that the banding might have been done to yield more scientific data. Furthermore, what Miner's banding missed because of its lack of scientific quality was offset partly by its sheer quantity. He banded forty thousand geese and since his death another eight thousand have been banded by his son, Jasper. All other waterfowl banders on the continent between 1920 and 1951 have banded a total of only twenty-five thousand Canada geese.

By 1915 Miner had twenty thousand geese staying at his ponds for several months each spring and fall, eating about six thousand dollars' worth of corn a year. Grants totaling \$1,150 a year from the federal and Ontario governments didn't begin to pay the bills. He tried various means of discouraging the geese, but the honkers insisted on making his home their home.

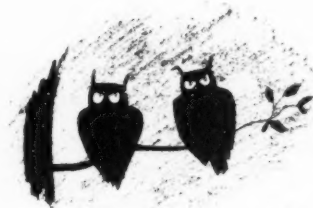
So about 1916 he took to the road as a lecturer to raise funds to keep them fed. He earned as much as sixteen hundred dollars for a single lecture (at Massey Hall, Toronto, in the late 1930s) but the geese never made Jack Miner wealthy. In thirty-five years there wasn't a day that he didn't owe the banks money, and by 1944, when he died, his geese had eaten him ten thousand dollars into debt.

The Canada geese still flock each spring and fall to the ponds from which Jack Miner once took brick clay. The sanctuary is now operated by the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation Inc., under the direction of his three sons, Manly, Jasper and Ted. It costs about twenty-four thousand dollars a year to maintain, most of this for feeding the geese and taxes. The

foundation receives sixty-five hundred dollars a year in government grants and about fifteen thousand dollars a year in public donations. None of the Miners take any salary from the foundation, although Manly and Jasper devote practically their entire time to its work. All have independent incomes. Ted operates a mink ranch, Jasper a chicken farm, and Manly, when pressed in a Maclean's interview, explained with embarrassment: "If you must know, I married into the richest family in Kingsville."

The foundation today is seven thousand dollars in debt with bank loans pledged by personal notes of the three sons. Jasper told me: "What the future holds we do not know. We can't get out and lecture like dad did to keep the geese fed."

Unfortunately there was a lot of ballyhoo attached to Jack Miner's name. He didn't originate the wildlife sanctuary idea, as is frequently



MACLEAN'S

"When will you learn to say 'whom'?"

claimed. A few sanctuaries, unknown to the public, predated his. One, a waterfowl sanctuary of similar type in Oakland, Calif., is fifty years older. He was, however, the first man to succeed in getting the big and wary Canada goose to use a sanctuary.

He didn't originate birdbanding—a claim often made for him. By 1909 when Miner banded his first duck there were so many other banders scattered throughout the continent that that year the American Birdbanding Association was formed. Just forty-five miles away in Detroit P. A. Taverner was banding birds five years ahead of Miner. Taverner, who later became ornithologist for the Canadian government, described the possibilities in banding to Miner and told Miner where he could obtain metal for bands in Detroit.

But, add up all the demerit marks, and Jack Miner still deserves the fame he won as a great Canadian. He created a nature spectacle that is unmatched on the continent. He preached conservation across a continent and practiced it spectacularly in his own back yard. He brought more tourists to Canada than anyone else except Papa Dionne. At times two hundred U. S. cars have been parked in front of his gate. And he sent them home with a new interest and love for wildlife.

His greatest contribution was that he reached hundreds of thousands with a simple sincere plea for wildlife conservation. Perhaps the plea was sentimentalized and colored with scientifically inaccurate claims. But in his Billy Sunday way Jack Miner reached a tremendous audience and prepared Canada and the U. S. for the measures aimed at conservation of natural resources which are in effect today. For he talked in the common man's language.

The hundreds of thousands who packed halls and stood in the aisles to listen to Jack Miner wouldn't have walked across a street to hear a scientist tell the same story. ★



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## The Farmer Who Makes Movies

Continued from page 15

office, bestowed upon it the bracing adjective "boff," which means hit in the vigorous jargon of show business.

The assignment was a strenuous one for all concerned. Borradale and his colleagues averaged only three or four hours' sleep a night during the six weeks it lasted. Strain, haste, overwork, red tape and unforeseeable complications harried them from start to finish. Although they were preparing an official and permanent historical document, the NFB men were given no special privileges. They had to jockey for position everywhere with hundreds of newspaper and newsreel photographers. The "actors" couldn't be rehearsed or moved around for the sake of an artistic or dramatic angle, and of course there were no chances for retakes.

At Calgary, Borradale wanted to get some shots of the royal couple inside a tent full of Indians. He had to wriggle under the canvas like a small boy sneaking into a circus, and aim his camera between the legs of the Redskins. As a result, his neck had a painful crick in it for three days.

In addition, the weather was a heart-breaker. Tom Daly, of the Film Board, says there were only five "reasonably good" shooting days. In spite of these and other difficulties, Royal Journey turned out to be an uncommonly interesting and cohesive film. The shots themselves and the way they were edited together, Leslie McFarlane's lively script and Lou Applebaum's music managed to avoid most of the bombast and monotony usually considered inescapable in "patriotic" documentaries.

Borradale's appearance is deceptive because his ambling gait and measured speech and benign blue eyes seem to be those of a fellow who'd never quarrel with anyone. However, Borradale considers himself "definitely a nasty bloke to work with, if things aren't going the way I want 'em." Years ago in Hollywood he severely beat up a prowler, who turned out to be a much-wanted criminal. The man was in such bad shape after Borradale was through with him that the police, who had not yet identified the sufferer as an outlaw, took the cameraman down to the station house for questioning. He might have spent the night in jail if the influential Cecil B. DeMille hadn't got him out with an imperious telephone call to the desk sergeant. So awesome was DeMille's name that the cops drove Borradale to the studio instead of letting him take a taxi.

On another occasion, while he was working for London Studios in the Thirties, Borradale and director Zoltan Korda got into a coldly furious argument about the angle from which a certain shot should be taken. For a whole week the two men didn't once speak directly to each other, but sent formal messages back and forth through their assistants.

As a camera craftsman Borradale favors simplicity rather than complexity in planning a shot or sequence. "The camera," he says, "should be as unobtrusive as your own eyes—and twice as observant."

It is his "camera eye" which seems to distinguish Borradale from the rank and file in his craft.

At Regina, for example, Borradale was waiting for the ceremonies to begin when he saw a slightly disgruntled army private dutifully touching up the the shine on the boots of the navy guard of honor. Shots like this meant

that an anonymous Canadian public was starred almost to the same extent as the Princess who was soon to become Queen.

Like most old-timers in the technical end of film production, Borradale takes a slightly sardonic view of the pretensions adopted by many stars. Sometimes he feels that actors are not much more than a necessary nuisance around the lot. "Most of them, sooner or later, fall for their own publicity," he told me.

Borradale can never take quite seriously the persistent "Ay want to be alone" legend of aloofness that enshrouds Garbo. He believes the legend was invented for her by publicity men and that in time she came to believe it herself. He remembers a time when Garbo lived in Beverly Hills just below his own little house in Benedict Canyon, and she used to stride past his gate in tweeds with a smile and a hearty "Good mor-r-ning." She was about as remote and mysterious as the average spaniel puppy, he recalls.

The elder Doug Fairbanks, Borradale remembers with a chuckle, really was a pretty agile fellow and kept himself in good shape. "But he wasn't quite the superman he seemed on the screen, even though he often tried to create that impression for the benefit of awestruck visitors on the set. He wore elevator shoes to increase his height, and ingenious little spring-boards were hidden at strategic points around the lot so Doug could step on them and appear to leap through the air in a manner denied to ordinary men."

Borradale's decision to go into the movies is still a source of astonishment to his boyhood friends, in view of the fact that his first attendance at a movie ended in disaster. It was 1904 and he was six years old, living in Medicine Hat, Alta., where the family had moved from Winnipeg. Natural gas was used to operate the projector. Halfway through the showing of a primitive Happy Hooligan cartoon, the machine exploded. In the ensuing fire and panic young Osmond crashed through a window and landed, upside down, in a pail of garbage.

### Just Itching for Africa

The lad's father, George Borradale, was one of the original members of the North West Mounted Police. After he died in Medicine Hat in 1907, the family moved to Victoria and later to California, where they settled in La Jolla. One summer day in 1913 a movie crew on location from Hollywood invaded the community. Fifteen-year-old Bordie got talking with the cameraman and was electrified to learn that the fellow had been to Africa and taken pictures of lions and elephants. This set fire to an ambition, long nourished by Borradale, to see the jungles. Mapping his plans with care, he got a job in a tourist souvenir shop, learned how to develop and print snapshots, and coaxed a woman friend of the family to introduce him to a cameraman she knew who was making movies for a new director named DeMille. At sixteen, itching to be off at once on safari, Bordie triumphantly joined the staff of Jesse L. Lasky Productions—and was set to work swabbing the floor in the drying room.

A year later, after he had been promoted to chief mop boy, he interrupted his apprenticeship to enlist at Victoria and served in France with the Canadian Army in World War I. Then he went back to Hollywood in 1919 as assistant to a junior cameraman named Alfred Gilks, who had been his assistant before the war. In 1951, Gilks photographed everything but the



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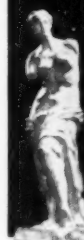
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final ballet in MGM's Oscar-winning musical, *An American in Paris*.

The way Borradaile remembers it, Hollywood in the Roaring Twenties was "both a town and a state of mind," which can never quite be recreated.

In those silent days, few actors ever bothered to speak the dialogue which would appear later as printed subtitles on the screen. They would merely mutter any words that came into their heads while the camera was grinding. Once Borradaile worked on a picture which was shown, prior to its general release, to a group of deaf people at a charity preview. They were outraged. There was a big scene between the betrayed heroine and a saintly old missionary, and the deaf lip readers could see the man clearly articulating his intention to "go out and get stinking drunk tonight" at a moment when the ornate subtitle was saying, "Have courage, my child, and Providence will look after you." The scene was reshot next morning.

Borradaile's personal friends among the actors of the day included Lon Chaney Sr., the screen's original master of grotesque make-up; Wallace Reid, famous star in the early Twenties; and Warner Oland, who was featured for years as Charlie Chan, a clever Chinese detective.

Borradaile cherishes in retrospect the opportunities that came to him to absorb the cinematic philosophy of Robert Flaherty, the lusty and lovable creator of *Nanook of the North*, *Moana*, *Man of Aran* and other documentary masterworks. Flaherty, Michigan-born but Canadian by adoption, was fascinated by the timeless drama and poetry of man's relationships with his environment. He taught Borradaile that one of the best ways to tell a story on film is to show it happening through the eyes of a child, but that the child himself must not be sentimentalized or caricatured.

Working for Korda, Flaherty took the Canadian to India with him in 1936 to make *Elephant Boy*, based on a story by Rudyard Kipling. It was Borradaile who discovered a bright-eyed lad named Sabu, working in the stables of the Maharaja of Mysore, and recommended him to Flaherty for the title role in the picture. Sabu believed himself to have been born under a mystic conjunction of lucky stars, and he was not in the least surprised on being plucked from obscurity. With incredible rapidity the little Indian boy adapted himself to the life of a movie notable.

Borradaile shot the memorable scene showing Paul Robeson chanting his *Canoe Song* against an authentic backdrop of African jungles in Sanders of the River. But Robeson himself never went to Africa for the picture. Close-ups of the giant Negro singer were taken in the Elstree studios near London and superimposed on genuine African footage shot earlier by Borradaile along the Congo. In this same tradition of more or less legitimate hocus-focus, Hollywood's Gregory Peck and Joan Bennett never went to Africa for *The Macomber Affair*, and Britain's John Mills never went farther south than Switzerland for the polar rigors of *Scott of the Antarctic*. Borradaile knows; he was there.

Probably helped by his years of aiming cameras, Borradaile found it fairly easy to master marksmanship with firearms and he became a successful big-game hunter in Africa and India. This accuracy also served him well during World War II, while he was on duty in British Army film units with the rank of captain. He worked at various times with the infantry and in ships, planes and tanks, and flew as a gunner in an old Maryland bomber.

During the war, Borradaile did a couple of quick movie jobs for the Canadian National Film Board before tackling other assignments in Britain and Australia. This experience pulled his mind back nostalgically toward his native country. Gradually the determination grew to buy a farm in Canada, preferably on the Pacific coast, while he was still husky enough to enjoy it, and to offer his family a taste of old-fashioned rustic serenity.

He selected Chilliwack because his wife had stayed there for eighteen months as a war guest and had fallen

in love with the verdant Fraser Valley. Using a good part of his savings of five thousand pounds Borradaile bought Cheam Farm, on the Trans-Canada Highway two miles east of the town.

In a letter to a friend he recently said he was "just a chambermaid to a bunch of prima donna cows." He has two paid helpers, a foreman and a handyman. This means Farmer Borradaile doesn't ordinarily have to get up until 7 a.m., which is practically high noon to conventional men of the soil. Every Sunday, though, when one of the helpers has the day off, the old

glamour-factory hand rolls out of bed at four-thirty to supervise the five o'clock milking.

Mrs. Borradaile was a gay and bilingual studio script girl named Christiane Lippens when Osmond married her in Paris in 1930, only six months after he had left Hollywood for Europe. She is a delightful woman who imparts a Gallic sparkle to their western Canadian household. The Borradailes have three polite but spirited children: Anita, fourteen; Lilla, eight; and George, three.

The farm, up to now, is just barely

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breaking even. Borradaile figures he may clear a little in 1952 "unless the rising costs of feed, labor and equipment force me to sell my cows to the butchers." Meanwhile he does an occasional camera job for NFB, which deems itself fortunate to have a craftsman of his standing available for special assignments. One of these was Canada's Awakening North, for which he flew into the Arctic in 1950. Another, filmed in southern B. C., was Break-down, a study of emotional illness and its treatment.

Although he enjoys his life on the farm and intends to stay there if he can make a go of it, Borradaile is always ready to whisk away for a spell—even to remote corners of the globe, if necessary—to make a movie that presents the kind of challenge he can't resist.

He believes, as Flaherty believed, that the best films are usually those which tell real stories about real people doing real things in their natural surroundings.

"I am convinced," he says, "that Canada is full of opportunities for such stories, and that they can be filmed by Canadians on budgets reasonable enough to let us gently thumb our noses at that rich Hollywood colossus to the south." And Borradaile hopes that these pictures eventually will help Canada to disclose an honest self-portrait to the world. It will show a composite Canadian not quite resembling that large platinum-haired Mountie crouching beside a fallen grizzly, embracing a fiery halfbreed girl with one arm, trapping a beaver with the other, and bellowing Rose Marie in a trained baritone voice enormously magnified by electronic devices.

"Hey, Dook! Look This Way!"

Borradaile already was pretty firm in these beliefs before the Film Board pulled him off his farm one day last fall as camera chief in the making of Royal Journey. That project gave him a stimulating ocean-to-ocean view of his native land, and today he is more certain than ever that dozens of fine movie subjects are going a-begging in Canada.

For a more personal reason, Borradaile is glad he had the experience of following Elizabeth and Philip across North America. It supplied him, as parent and raconteur, with a brand-new stock of anecdotes he can tell his family and friends in front of his hospitable Chilliwack fireplace. The one the children like best is his story of an incident in the Laurentians which revealed that Britain's young Queen has a truly royal sense of humor—and that she is, moreover, a mimic of almost professional calibre.

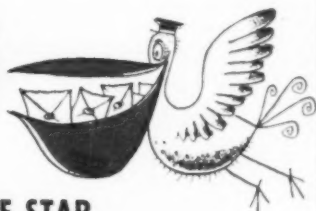
In Washington the visitors from London had been exposed for the first time to the fantastic zest and informality of big-time American newsreel and Press photographers, who are awed by nobody and call everybody by the first name. A few days later in the lovely village of Ste. Agathe, north of Montreal, the future Queen strolled out of the lodge, holding her own little movie camera. She chatted with Borradaile for a moment, spotted her husband and an equerry standing at the other side of the courtyard, whipped the camera up to her eye, and shouted in a voice of stunning nasality and volume:

"Hey! You, there! Hey, Dook! Look this way a sec! Dat's it! THANKS A LOT!"

Borradaile would have given almost anything to get that incident into Royal Journey, but he says he just wasn't born that lucky. ★



# MAILBAG



## A TELESCOPE ON THE STAR

Pierre Berton's story, *The Greatest Three-Cent Show on Earth* (March 15, April 1), with the late Joseph Atkinson, publisher of the *Toronto Star*, as the whip-cracking ringmaster, was a vivid portrayal of the colorful genius whose resourcefulness enabled him to achieve success in the face of great odds during Toronto's turbulent newspaper days at the turn of the century.—F. W. Sutherland, St. Thomas, Ont.

● Apart from scurrilous commentary upon the work of my brother (Rev. R. S. Knowles) for the *Toronto Star*, the writer maligns him by calling him "an unfrocked Presbyterian minister." This statement is absolutely false. My brother . . . remained a minister in regular standing of the United Church until his death.—Mrs. Helen B. Boyd, Simcoe, Ont.

● The parody on page 60 (March 15) is unworthy of Maclean's. Whatever Joseph E. Atkinson may have been or done, Jesus and Edith Cavell died sacrificially and are worthy of reverence. Printing such doggerel shouts of self-revelation of your cynicism.—George A. Little, United Church Publishing House, Toronto.

● I fear Maclean's has wrung its knell. By Jesus and Dickens and Edith Cavell. Tearfully and sad, amongst the mourners. I wait the inquest of the coroners.—Howard Crowe, Westbank, B.C.

● Since when has blasphemy become funny?—Mrs. A. E. Cook, Edmonton.

● It was a pleasure as an old reader of the *Star* to read Berton's article. The famous interview of the late R. E. Knowles with Einstein is a prime example of the *Star's* inexplicable follies of the past.—Bernard Krall.

### A Case of Black and White

Albert Fick's article, *South Africa's Klu Klux Klan* (Feb. 1), includes many statements which, in our view, are exaggerated, misleading or incomplete.

The title suggests that there is in the Union a type of organization which incites whites against blacks, organizes violence against them and takes the law into its own hands. There is nothing in the country even vaguely resembling such a body. In the whole of the Union's history there has never, for example, been a single lynching.

In his opening paragraph Mr. Fick says explicitly that the Broederbond "rules" the country. Dr. Malan has stated in the House that far from receiving instructions from the Broederbond he has never, as Prime Minister, so much as discussed with the organization matters of national policy.

Since the Malan Government came to power state expenditure on education and welfare services for the colored people has progressively increased. The report of a commission published recently envisages an increase on Bantu (black) education alone from \$17½ millions to \$30 millions in the next

seven years—a bill which will have to be paid almost entirely by the two and a half million whites. Greater opportunities than ever before are being created for nonwhites in the civil service and arrangements are now being made for certain police stations and post offices to be staffed entirely by them. The second university institution catering exclusively for nonwhites was recently opened; and legislation has been passed extending the judicial, administrative and political powers of the Bantu in their own areas.

*Apartheid* according to Mr. Fick was inspired by "Hitler's Aryan and Nordic manias." *Apartheid* in our contention is the necessary result of the presence in South Africa of a unique assortment of mankind divided by color, race, creed, language and culture, and differing extremely in background and state of civilization. Through three hundred years South Africa's experience has been that an intermingling of her races causes tension; and in recent years the country's industrialization has been throwing them ever more rapidly together. Whereas before, legislation was not necessary to protect the pattern of race separation, which the great proportion of all people in the country desire, the operation of social and economic forces, over which the individual often has no control, makes it necessary now.

It is undeniable that *apartheid* will bring hardship to certain individuals. It has grave disadvantages, but they are the price which South Africa must pay for the conditions imposed on her by history. The advantages must be weighed against the disadvantages, but Mr. Fick gives his readers no opportunity to make the weighing. The advantages, in our view, are considerable: the removal of fronts of race friction, the protection of the less-developed against unequal and unfair competition, the development within each man of a pride in the best things of his own, the provision to each man of the fullest opportunity of serving his own people, and the creation within each of the more backward groups (under white guidance) of ever-widening fields of social, economic and political activity.

Mr. Fick writes that Dr. Malan "awarded six seats to former German South-West Africa and ensured the return of his candidates by giving the vote to Germans eager to revenge themselves on Smuts for waging war on Hitler." The "giving" of the vote to the Germans did not introduce a new principle but restored one that had operated before the war under the United Party. And until the results came out the United (Smuts) Party was by no means satisfied that Dr. Malan had ensured their defeat. They were confident they were going to win: one Smuts MP prophesied they would win all six seats. Both parties angled and hoped for the vote of the thirty-five hundred Germans; and as the ballot was secret no one knows which way the Germans did vote, anyway.—A. W. Steward, South African Government Information Officer, Ottawa. ★

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## HOUSE OF LORDS CIGARS

# Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards  
Men's Wear of Canada

### WHAT DOES "WELL-DRESSED" MEAN?

Being well-dressed need not be the distinction given a man simply because he has an extensive wardrobe or because he is a fashion plate. Both the bank president and the man who works in overalls can be termed "well-dressed." The difference lies simply in the adequacy and choice of clothes a man wears for his particular needs in life.

A man who wears overalls all his working day probably needs only one dress up suit, overcoat, hat and shoes, plus accompanying shirts and ties. With one outfit carefully selected, he's well-dressed when his leisure time demands dress up clothes. He may be a fishing enthusiast with a full wardrobe of active sports clothes. Gardening may be his hobby in which case good work boots, comfortable dungarees and a work shirt is his summer outfit. Because he's interested in comfort, he doesn't wear worn-out shoes and cast-off clothing when he's on his own time. In his case, he's a well-dressed man.

The salesman's neat pin stripes and plain grey pie-and-pies selected for their clean cut appearance make him a well-dressed man. He need not necessarily have any sports clothes other than slacks and sports jackets for quiet week-ends at home.

The bank president may have what is considered to be a complete wardrobe which embraces all of the various formal and informal outfits plus many business suits. Because his position demands such attire, he may possibly be selected as one of Canada's ten best dressed men.

There is no yardstick for being well-dressed, except to dress suitably and comfortably for your needs in life.

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WHEN a Fredericton man applied for his 1952 motor license he noticed that the number he had been assigned ended with a pair of nines and asked if he could skip one number and have the next plate which ended with an even hundred. "Sorry, we're instructed to issue all plates in strict order of application," the clerk apologized. Then he added consolingly, "Besides, that even hundred has already been issued."

In costumes and masks the young people of Norwood, Ont., staged an old-fashioned shivaree to welcome a newly wed couple. The bride greeted them saying, "I know my husband's around but I can't find him!" The visitors searched for the groom without success. After an evening of dancing and supper the mystery was solved when the guests unmasked. Among them was the groom who had been shivareeing himself.

A city-bred couple from Ohio paid a summer visit to Algonquin Park but hurried back to the park gate

A farmer in Digby, N.S., who finds summer tourists more profitable than farming, makes extra money by driving his paying guests around the countryside. A conscientious man, he feels it his duty to earn his fee by describing notable landmarks on the way.



after spending a few minutes inside. "Is anything wrong?" asked the gatekeeper.

"Yes," gasped the husband, "the animals have escaped from their cages!"

A Vancouver motorist picked up a young man waiting for a bus. After trying unsuccessfully to break the ice with some cheerful remarks he asked his passenger, "Are things tough for you?"

"Yeah, I don't like my job," replied the young man gloomily. "I work in the civil service, on the first floor of the Federal Building."

"That must be pretty deadly," agreed the driver. "Where would you like to work?"

The passenger's face brightened as he answered, "Up on the third floor—I have a couple of friends there."

When a village storekeeper in B.C. felt run down he went to see his doctor who exclaimed, "Man, you've just had pneumonia! You'll have to go straight to bed for ten days." The old man tried to follow instructions but after a day in bed he got restless and went back to work.

Several days later a customer came in from the bush. "Heard you were sick," he remarked.

"That's right," said the storekeeper cheerfully, "but I'm okay. The Doc said I can get up tomorrow."

Sign in a Montreal restaurant:

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One day a passenger interrupted his spiel with a curt, "Quiet, please. I'm admiring the scenery."

At the end of the week when he handed the woman her bill, she asked, "What's this extra charge?"

"For sass," he answered.

An elderly spinster traveling by train from Quebec City to Toronto returned from the dining car to find that her suitcase had been opened. She searched the contents and found everything in order until she came across a ten-dollar bill with a note that read, "We need this more than



you do." Then she realized that one thing was missing—a rum bottle full of maple syrup.

In Calgary municipal officials amended a bylaw when they found that the anti-jay-walking section was so rigidly worded that it forbade milkmen to cross the street to make deliveries and prevented cops from catching jaywalkers because they couldn't pursue them across the street with tickets.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



# Half of Byron, Mich., rides on Atlas Tires



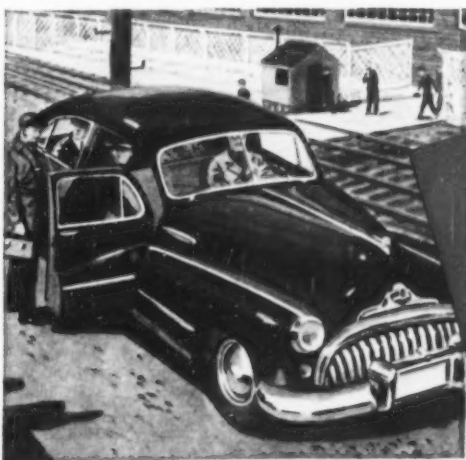
says Village President  
R. S. Houghton



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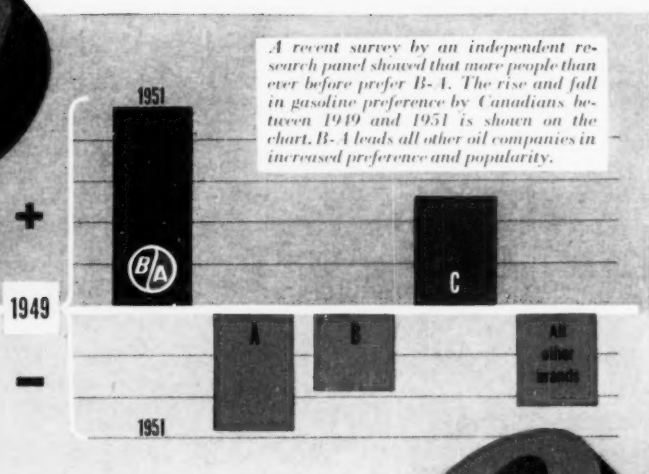
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